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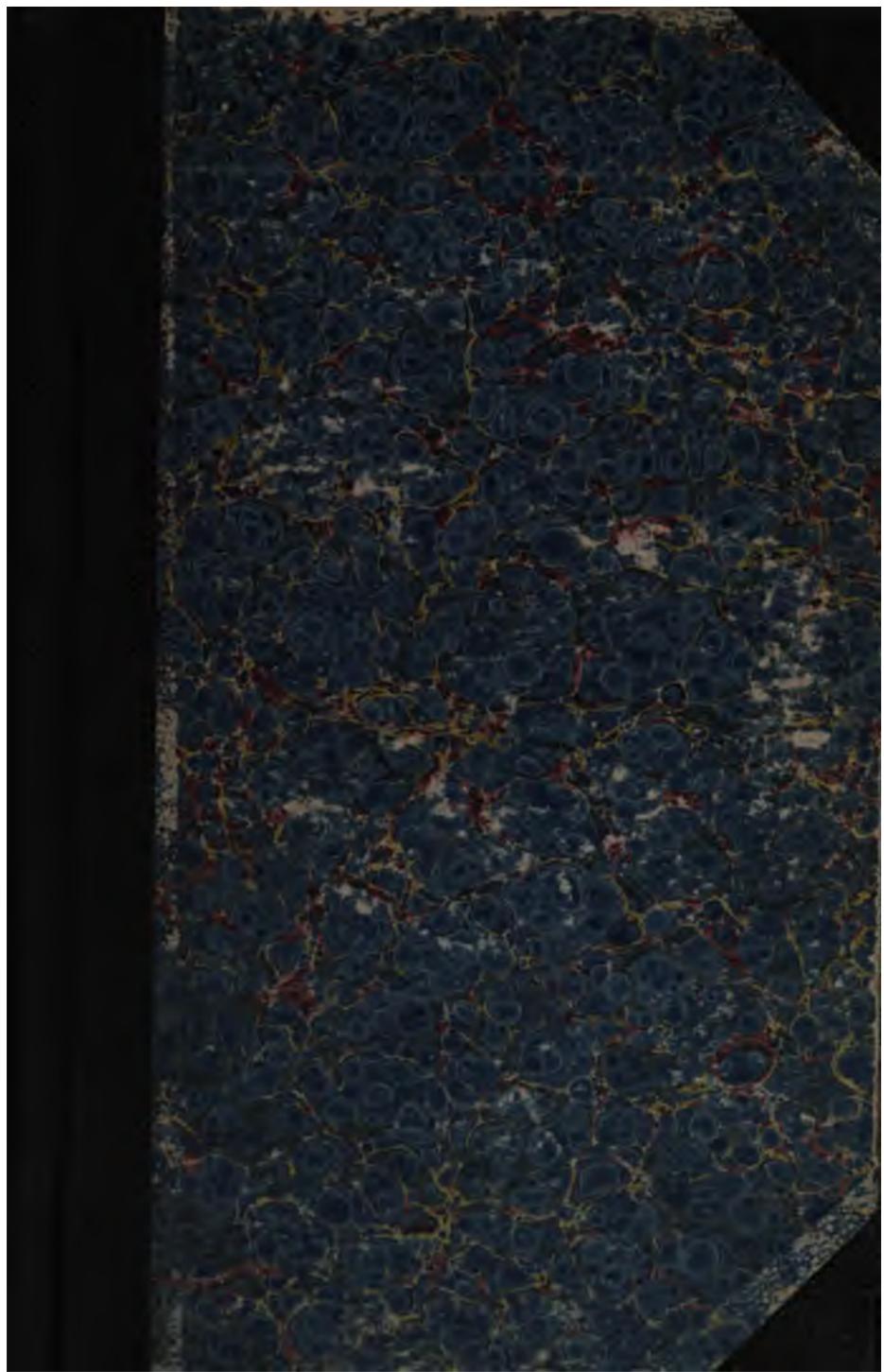
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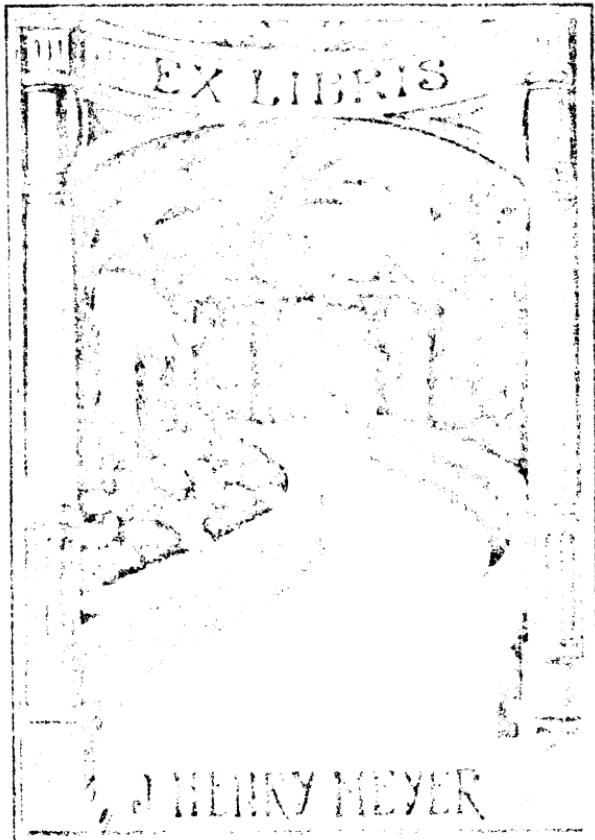
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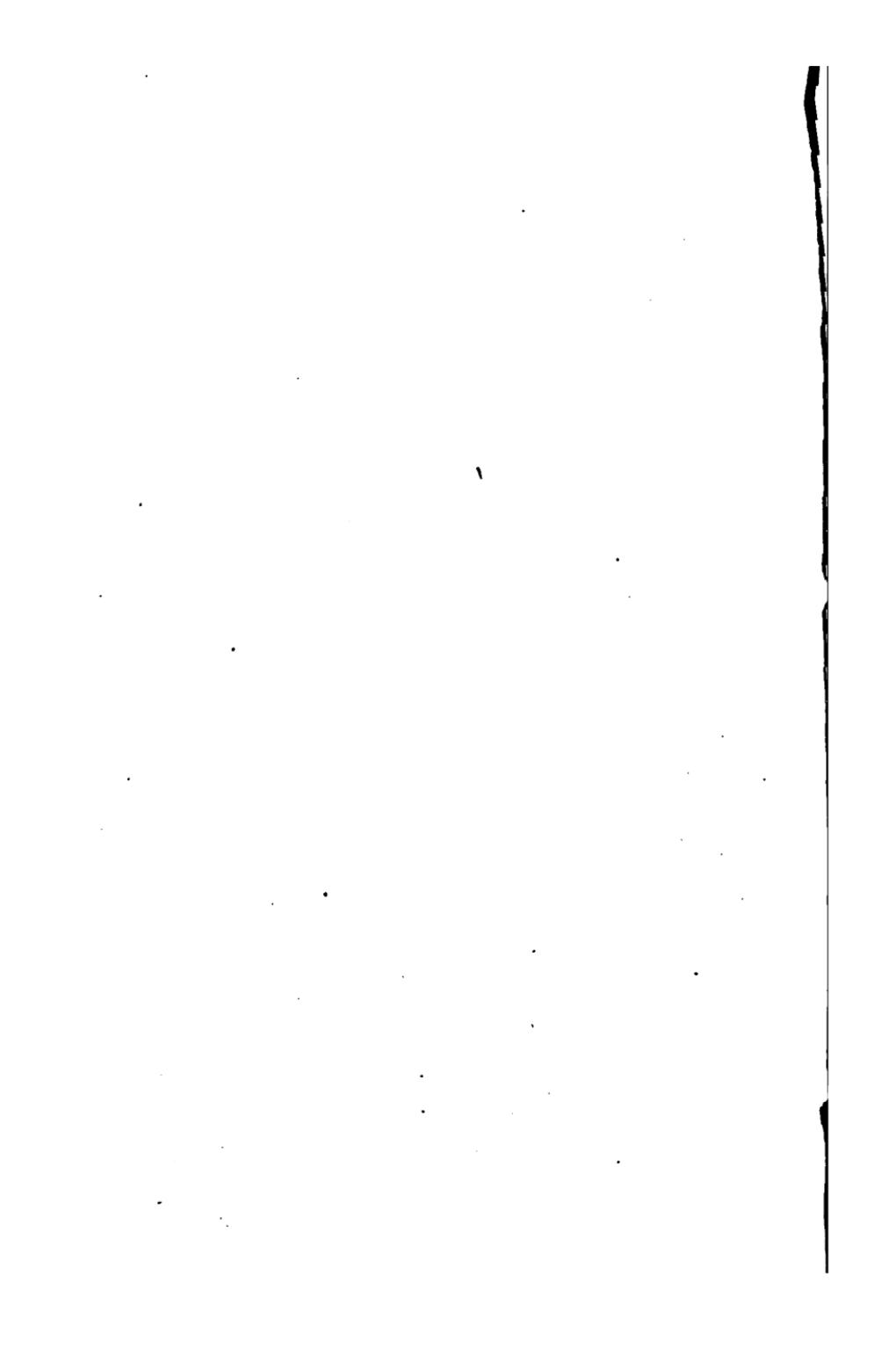
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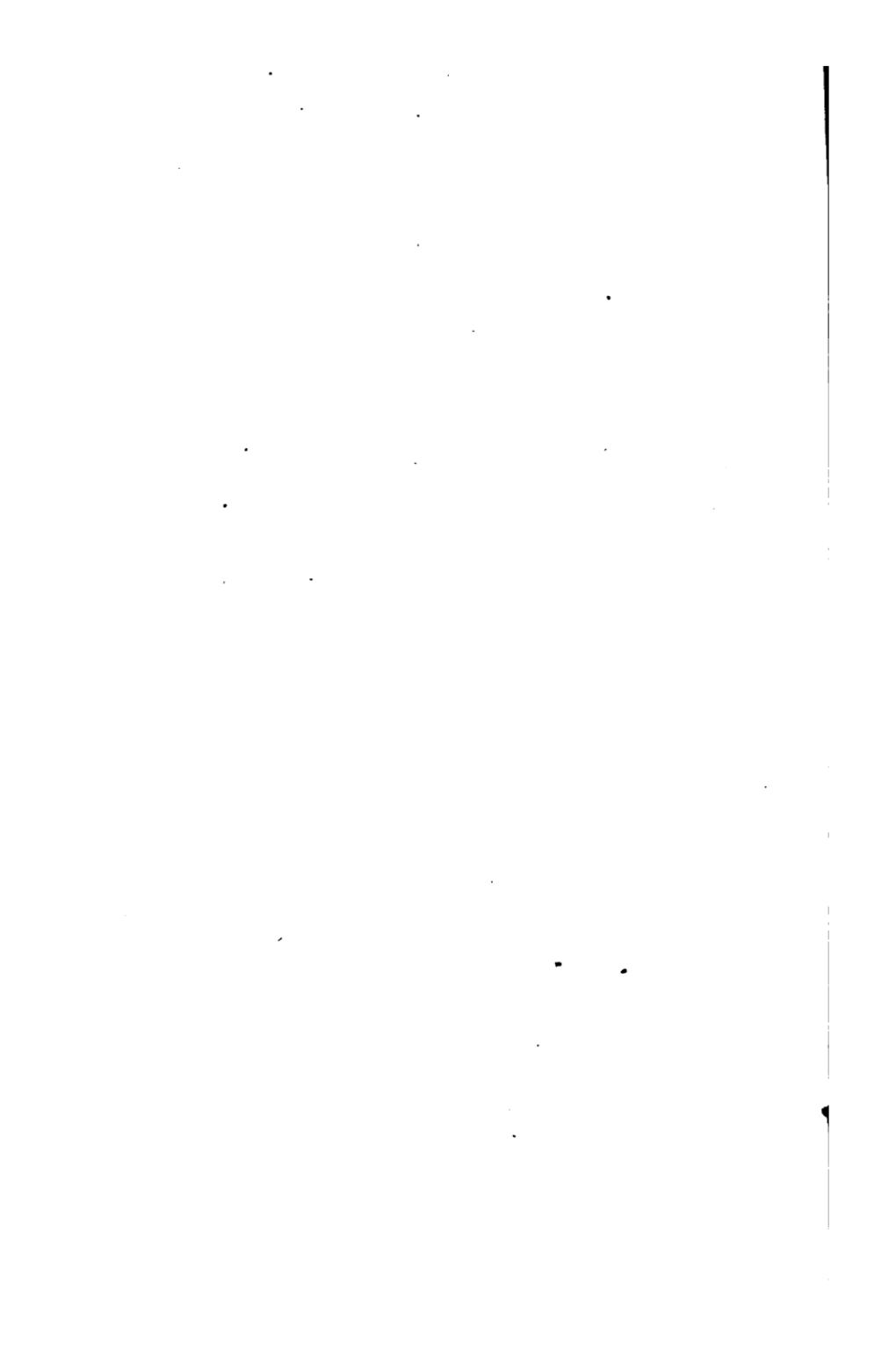


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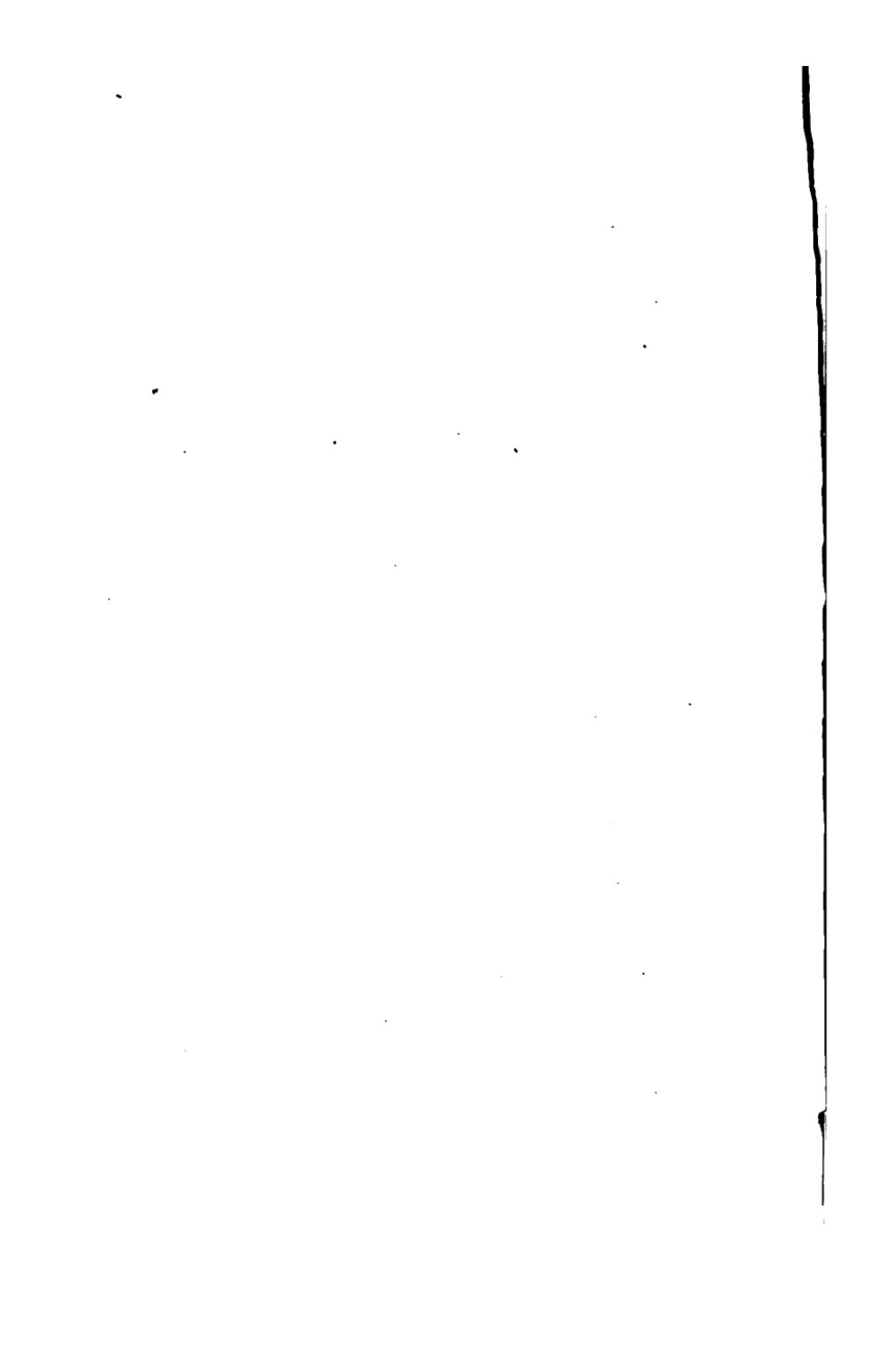












ROUND CAPE HORN.

VOYAGE

OF THE

PASSENGER-SHIP JAMES W. PAIGE,

FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA IN THE YEAR 1852.

BY J. LAMSON.



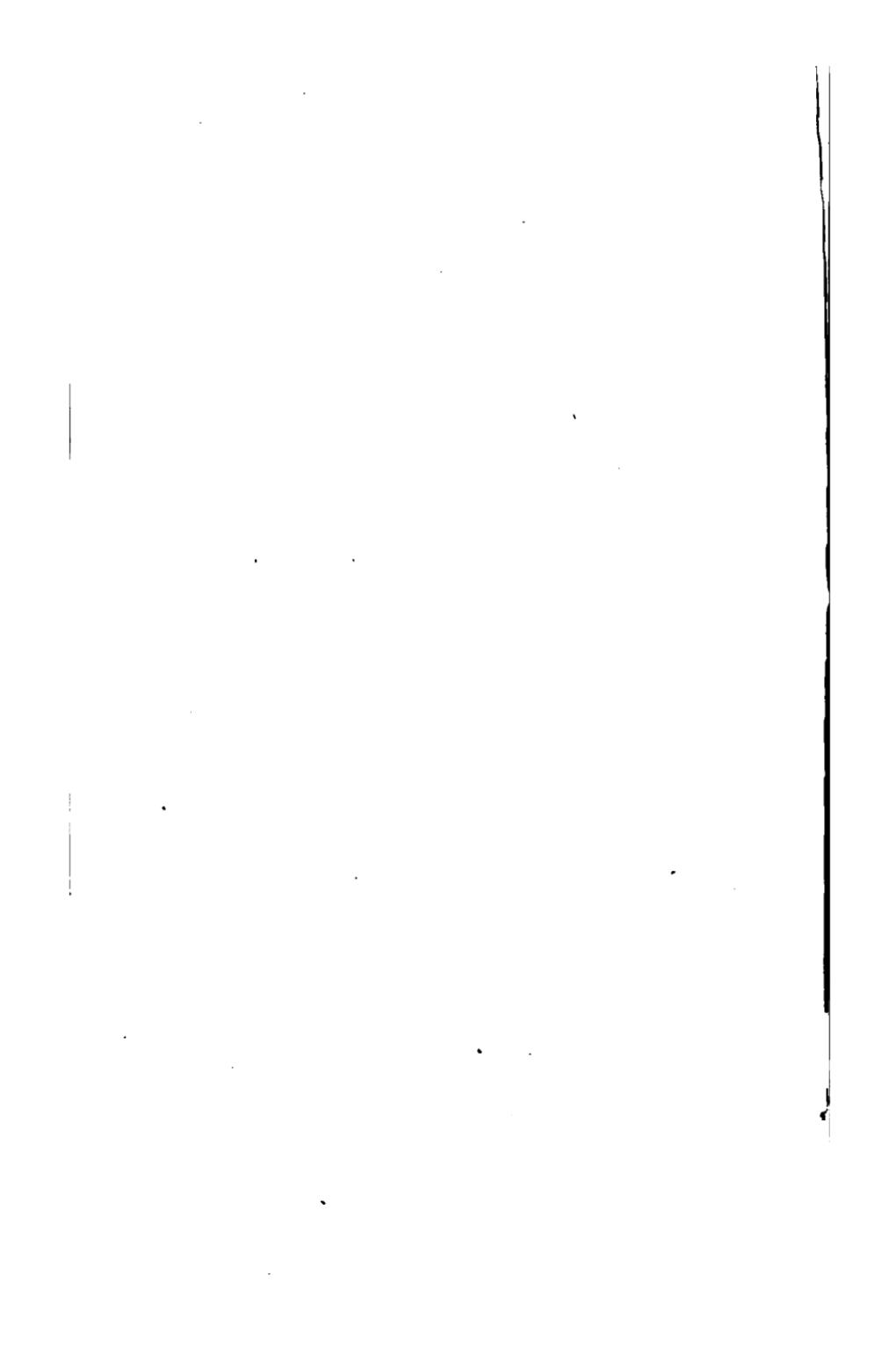
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1878.

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TO

My Fellow-Passengers,

AS A REMINDER OF MANY PLEASANT SCENES ENJOYED,
AND MANY ANNOYANCES ENDURED DURING OUR
VOYAGE, THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

A voyage round Cape Horn in a passenger-ship is an event of the past. The necessity for performing this perilous voyage has been obviated by the introduction of railroads and steamships. Emigrants and travelers are no longer obliged to risk their lives and waste their time in passing round the Stormy Cape in order to arrive at a point, which may be reached in a week by a pleasant ride across the continent on the railroad; and Cape Horn is destined to become a terra incognita to all but the readers of ancient voyages.

I am not aware that a narrative of a voyage of this description has ever been published; and the hope that a truthful account of the perils, discomforts, and annoyances, as well as the pleasures and enjoyments attending it, may prove entertaining to the reader, has prompted

me to send forth this little work to **meet** the fate or fortune which an enlightened public **may** award it.

The scenes and anecdotes recorded at the end of the voyage, are given in the hope that they may possess some slight value as conveying an idea—a vague and indistinct one, perhaps—of some of the characteristics and habits of a portion of the people of California in early times.

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OFFICERS, PASSENGERS AND CREW
OF THE
BARK JAMES W. PAIGE.

Joseph Jackson, *Master*; Horace Atwood, *First Mate*; Dudley T. Gardner, *Second Mate*; E. S. Blake, E. P. Holden, Stephen Walker, W. B. Webbe, Cyrus E. Gould, Michael Cashman, John Tobin, Hiram Draper, Michael Feeney, M. V. Wall, W. Grant, Philip Keen, George Reynolds, Tim Scannell, Ithiel Gordon, Willard Heath, Elisha Osgood, G. A. Brown, J. S. Brown, Geo. L. Pierce, Leonard Stinson, S. H. Bachelder, J. F. Dolliff, Joel D. Thompson, Eben Toothaker, J. S. Russell, H. Whitney, Geo. A. Emery, Stephen Pierce, A. F. Johnson, William Shaw, Stover Clark, J. Wentworth, G. French, W. Marshall, L. Sherman, Alfred Fletcher, G. E. Morton, E. F. Starr, S. H. Sanger, James Carlow, W. Spring, M. Sawtelle, D. Worster, Ivory Matthews, Rev. John Johnson, S. P. Lawrence — Hodsdon, William Lamson, Horace McKoy, Charles Hollom, Samuel Murray, J. Lamson, Jonathan Tyler, Thomas Ladd, Noah Andrews, L. Wakeman, J. Colborn, Wm. Smith, O. E. Smith, John Day, Thos. Foster, John Magrath, W. Footman, J. Jackson, James Concord, T. W. Dolliff, David Tinney, J. T. Bickford, B. D. Morrill, J. Montgomery, Stillman Sawyer, J. C. Pullen, S. Kelley, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Grant, Miss J. Spaulding, Mrs. H. G. Brown, Mrs. S. J. Brown and Daughter, Miss M. L. Brown, Mrs. J. P. Lawrence, Mrs. L——t and Daughter.

ROUND CAPE HORN.

CHAPTER I.

Description of the Bark—She sets sail—Uncomfortable situation—Specimen of our discomforts—A squall—Escape from a Waterspout—Approach to the Cape Verde Islands—Religious services—A school of porpoises—A Dutch vessel A flying-fish—Annoyances—Bad cooking—A practical joke—Tropic of Cancer.

The Bark James W. Paige of 240 tons burthen, was fitted up for a passenger ship in the latter part of the winter of 1852, by James Dunning and Joseph Nickerson of Bangor, Maine. A portion of the hold was made into a cabin with fourteen double berths on each side. Fifty-two passengers occupied this room. A small house with berths for fourteen passengers and a state-room for the captain was built over the cabin, and enclosed the companion-way or stairs leading down to the cabin. This cabin was called the after cabin, to distinguish it from the room in the hold, which was named the forward or main cabin; and the house was called the after house. Another house was constructed over the main cabin, in which lodged the mate and four or five passengers. The after cabin was appropriated to the ladies, though singularly enough, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, who, we were told, had been employed to officiate as our chaplain, was assigned a berth in this cabin, much to the annoyance of a portion of the ladies. The sailors occupied the forecastle. The cook's galley, a very important part of the ship's appointments, was placed between the

two houses. These houses did not occupy the whole width of the deck, but a narrow space was left for a walk round them. There was also a small open space between the cook's galley and the after house, and at the ends of the houses.

Our bark, though owned in Bangor, lay at Frankfort, twelve miles below the city, where she was fitted up, in consequence of the river being closed by the ice at that season of the year, down to the latter town. Many delays occurred before all our preparations were made, but at last all was ready, and we dropped down the river to Prospect, where we took on board our last passenger, and on the third day of April, 1852, we bade adieu to the ice and snow of Maine, and with a heavy gale of wind were soon driven out to sea.

We were fortunate in the beginning of our voyage in having strong and fair gales of wind, which drove us rapidly on our course; but we had at the same time much wet, drizzling weather, which soon enabled us to discover that our ship was an old and leaky thing, and that our houses, though new, had been so carelessly constructed, that the water came in freely upon us, wetting our berths, and rendering our situation exceedingly uncomfortable. Add to this the fact that our ship, being in ballast, rolled so badly that we could not stand for a moment without clinging with both hands to our berths or some other fixture for support, and that nearly all of us were suffering severely with seasickness, and I think it will not be difficult to convince the reader that our condition was far from agreeable.

The following may serve as a specimen of our discomforts: I lay in my berth in the after house—on the second night of our voyage,—suffering from intolerable nausea and equally intolerable thirst. The vessel rolled

violently; the rain was dropping from the leaky roof into my face and on my bedclothes. The passengers were running to and fro in much confusion, and the voice of the captain was loudly heard in giving orders to the sailors, who were sent aloft to take in sail, for a squall had struck us. The trunks in our cabin were dashing from side to side, breaking chairs and stools and whatever else came in their way. The earthen ware in the lockers was slipping about and crashing up in a style that threatened its speedy demolition. All was noise and confusion. The winds whistled, howled and screamed, the sails flapped, the waves dashed against the sides of the vessel and over the decks, keeping a stream of water running back and forth as we rolled and pitched, and tossed over the seas. An unlucky wave, higher than the rest, stove a boat that hung at the davits, and added greatly to the confusion and apprehension which pervaded the ship. The storm, though with frequent lulls, continued for several days. During one night the trunks and chests in the main cabin were tumbled about so furiously, that they beat down the stairs. A barrel of pork was upset, and the brine, dashing across the floor, so frightened a poor fellow, who thought the vessel had sprung a leak, that he scrambled up into our house, and sat up all night.

A day or two after this I heard, as I lay in my berth, an unusual commotion on deck, and the captain was giving orders in a loud voice and a quick and hurried manner. In a few moments I learned that we had but just barely escaped a waterspout, which had passed within less than the ship's length to the leeward of us. Sick as I was, I deeply regretted that I was not up to see it. I may never have another opportunity to witness such a phenomenon.

Sunday, 18th April. Latitude 29°, 25' N. Longitude 29° 71' W. from Greenwich. We have reached a warmer and more comfortable climate. We have exchanged the cold stormy blasts, the wintry winds of Maine, for mild and gentle breezes and a warm sun, and we feel a sense of comfort in the change that is exceedingly exhilarating. I have nearly recovered from seasickness, from which I believe no other passenger has suffered so severely, but it leaves me much enfeebled. We are approaching the Cape Verde Islands, which we hope to see in the course of three or four days.

We have had religious services on deck to-day. Our chaplain gave us a sensible written discourse, which was listened to with attention. We had good singing, and the services were conducted with a degree of propriety that would have afforded an excellent example for imitation by some of the congregations I have seen in our churches.

Soon after the close of the services our company was enlivened by the sight of a school of porpoises; and Sherman, one of the passengers who had made several voyages, made an attempt to capture one of them. Taking a harpoon to which a long line was attached, he dropped into the chains under the bowsprit, and watched for the porpoises as they came plunging swiftly through the water beneath him. It required no small degree of skill and dexterity to strike them. There he stood looking intently into the water with his harpoon raised, when suddenly a group of the animals came within striking distance. In an instant he thrust his weapon into one of them, and the line was pulled in by men who were stationed on deck for the purpose. The fish was brought to the surface, but in his struggles he broke away from the harpoon and escaped, and in a few moments the whole

chool, as if warned of their danger, had disappeared. We have not a great variety of amusements on board our vessel, and such a circumstance as this serves to infuse a good deal of life into us. A school of porpoises, a few stray sea birds, and a distant sail constitute nearly all we have to relieve the monotony of our voyage. Up to this time we have spoken but one vessel. I lay in my berth one night dreaming pleasantly of friends at home, when I was awakened by the hoarse voice of our captain hailing a bark that was at that moment passing. She was a Dutch vessel homeward bound. The Dutch captain had some difficulty in understanding ours, and asked three times where we were bound, though answered each time very distinctly "Cal-i-for-ny."

April 19. This morning the mate found a flying-fish. It had flown in during the night, probably in attempting to escape the dolphin, which is its greatest enemy. It was about ten inches in length, with fins five or six inches, which serve as wings in the short flights it makes over the water. Some of our men saw a large turtle floating by us. It had a voyage of several hundred miles to make before it could reach land.

We are not without many annoyances, and one very serious one arises from the bad cooking of our food, and often from want of a sufficient quantity of it. Our cooks are excessively filthy, and it requires a strong stomach to enable one to swallow the messes they set before us. Many complaints have been made of this state of things to the captain, and to-day we have presented him with a written protest signed by every man in our room, but without effecting any improvement.

Time passes irksomely with many of our passengers, and they often resort to odd expedients in order to wear away the weary hours. When other sources of amuse-

ment fail, they sometimes find enjoyment in playing practical jokes on each other. We had an instance of this sort of recreation to-day. A ship was seen to windward in the morning, and standing in the same direction with us. Some one of the party pronounced her a pirate. This was found to operate on the fears of one of the passengers, a simple, honest, credulous fellow, who believed others to be as honest as himself, and a grand frolic was arranged to come off at night at his expense. It was therefore reported that the pirate, though she had fallen several miles astern, had sent a boat to board us, and accordingly several of the men armed themselves with their rifles and revolvers, and prepared to defend the ship. Several barrels were thrown overboard in the dark to represent the piratical boat, and these were fired at as they floated by the ship. Then came a man tumbling and rolling about with terrible groans and yells, pretending to be wounded, and a moment after a cry went through the ship that the pirates were boarding us. The poor fellow for whose benefit all this hubbub was gotten up, was at that moment passing by my berth, and I heard him responding to the cry—"They *are* boarding us, they *are* boarding us! where's a handspike?" and he ran and unshipped a pump handle in an instant, and hastened to the spot where the supposed attack was made, determined to make a desperate defence. That he would have fought bravely had there been occasion for it, no one had a doubt, while it was suspected that some of his persecutors would have preferred retreating to fighting under any circumstances. The cracking of the rifles and revolvers, and the uproar all over the ship, awoke the captain, who got up in no very amiable mood, but he soon got into the humor of the frolic, and laughed as heartily as any of them.

April 21. Our longitude to-day at noon was 23° W.,
latitude $23^{\circ} 50'$ N. We were then twenty-one miles from
the Tropic of Cancer. It is now sunset. We have passed
the tropic, and are now sailing in the torrid zone. It is
an epoch in my life. I have talked with several of my
fellow passengers about it, but they see nothing to interest
them in the circumstance. This *tropic* is not a thing to
be seen—there is nothing tangible in it. And as for the
torrid zone, they do not perceive any very great differ-
ence between that and the temperate zone we have just
left. I am now sitting at the stern of the ship, enjoying
a mild soft sea breeze and a beautiful twilight. We often
have richer sunsets in Maine, and the twilight continues
much longer; but there is here, while it continues, a soft-
ness and a delicate blending of the different tints of pur-
ple, azure and gold, which we do not always see in our
northern latitudes. Our men are lying or sitting about
the decks and upon the houses, many in groups engaged
in conversation, some of them spinning long yarns, and
others listening to an interesting song wherein is related
the history of "a beautiful fair maid of high degree with
black hair and milk white cheeks, and her gallant loyver,"
while here and there may be seen one quietly communing
with his own thoughts, which the friends he has left three
thousand miles distant suggest to him.

The ladies at the beginning of the voyage were confined
a large portion of the time to their cabin by sickness. But
since their recovery they spend many hours on deck every
fair day; and as they are under the necessity of going
through our room in passing to and from their cabin, we
are in a fair way of becoming acquainted with them.

April 22. We are now but three hundred and fifty
miles distant from the coast of Africa, and about five
hundred miles north of the Cape Verde Islands. We

have sailed sharp on the wind during several days, hoping each day to fall in with the north-east trade-winds that are to waft us to the coast of South America. But we have not been so fortunate as to find the trades, and this morning we have but little wind in any direction. The sea, though rolling in long undulations, is very smooth, and the sails are flapping idly against the masts.



CHAPTER II.

Consultations about Cape Verde Islands — Flying-fish — English steamer — Tropical Showers — Disappointment — Capture of a Porpoise — May Day at sea — An English bark — Letters for home — Another bark — Nautical ceremonies — An Aquatic bird — Crossing the Equator — Squalls — A Portuguese brig Captain J. engages to stop at Rio Janeiro — Land seen — Cape Frio — Approach to Rio Janeiro — Beautiful scenery — Disappointment.

I have had several consultations with the captain on the subject of touching at the Cape Verde Islands; and as his chief objection, aside from one or two days' loss of time, is the port charges, the passengers have obviated that objection by subscribing an amount much greater than will be necessary to pay those charges, besides engaging to assist in getting some pure water on board, of which we are in great want. I am very desirous of seeing something, however small, of a tropical country, and of the trees, birds, and other productions of a tropical climate; and this may be my only opportunity. Above all I long for a short respite, if only for a day, from this confinement to the vessel, and for a little exercise upon the land before we continue our long voyage to the coast of South America.

April 24. Saw the flight of a school of flying-fish. They rush through the air with great rapidity, and generally — those that I have seen, — against the wind. They look very prettily as they skim over the water a little above its surface, and follow the undulations of the waves a distance varying from five to twenty rods. Towards night a large English steamer with four masts and all sails set, was seen on our starboard bow, and continued in sight nearly two hours.

This afternoon we had a slight specimen of a tropical shower. Some dark clouds suddenly arose, and before the heavens were half covered, they broke upon us in a heavy shower accompanied by thunder, that drove us all under shelter. It passed away however as quickly as it arose.

We had this day been sailing with a fair breeze, and hoped by to-morrow to be anchored in one of the harbors of the Cape Verde Islands. We were much elated at the prospect, and it had been the chief topic of conversation for two or three days. Judge then of my disappointment when I learned at night that the captain had ordered the helmsman to put the bark off to the south-west, the direction of the islands being south. He had determined to avoid the islands, and we had no other alternative but to submit. After sailing south-west about four hours in order to give the islands a wide berth, our course was again changed to the south. We turned into our berths with no very amiable feeling towards Capt. J., who, we thought, manifested very little regard for the welfare or comfort of his passengers.

Sunday, April 25. We are passing the Cape Verde Islands without even the gratification of looking at them. But we have now got the trade-wind in earnest, and are driving before it at the rate of ten or eleven knots. We have seen several schools of flying-fish to-day, and two of them have been picked up on the deck by the sailors. This afternoon a large school of porpoises came playing round the ship, and one of them was struck with the harpoon by Sherman, our sailor passenger, and secured. It was about five feet long, and weighed, probably, two hundred pounds.

Monday, April 26. Some portions of the porpoise killed yesterday were served up to-day for dinner. The liver

was said to be very good, resembling that of a cow; but the flesh, though relished by some of the passengers, was black, and had rather a strong flavor. I did not taste of either of them.

Saturday, May 1. May-day at sea. We rose as usual this morning, took our breakfast, and talked of May-day at home, and of the friends we had left there, and seeing in fancy the youthful portion of them setting out on a shivering ramble in pursuit of a few flowers or leaves through the mud and snow, while we strove to shelter ourselves from the heat of a tropical sun under an awning of a large sail, which we raised over the after house, where we sat, lay or walked, and read, talked and sung, during the day. Towards evening I sat for an hour — and it is an indolent pleasure I often indulge in — observing the sky and the clouds, and watching their slow and sometimes almost imperceptible changes of shape and hue, and in comparing them with the sunset skies of our northern climes, which, if wanting something of the ethereal softness of this, are more glowing, more brilliant, and more decidedly beautiful.

Sunday, May' 2. This morning a sail was seen on our larboard tack, but the wind being light, we did not speak her till night. We watched her till after sunset, when her mate boarded us, and reported her to be an English bark bound for Liverpool. We had been writing letters all day, hoping this vessel would prove to be an American homeward bound. We were somewhat disappointed, but as we might not soon have an opportunity of sending more directly, we decided to send our package, containing forty-five letters, by the bark to England, thence to be forwarded by steamer to America.

Monday, May 3. Spoke another bark, the Fanny Major, for which I had prepared another letter, but she was

found to be outward-bound, from New-York to the same port with us, and having on board sixty-five passengers. Our vessel proved to be the best sailor. We had been sailing on different tacks, and she was half a mile astern of us, when our captain backed sail and let her come up. Just at this time a squall arose, and she soon ranged along-side, and in a few minutes passed by us. The captains hailed each other through their speaking-trumpets, asking what port they sailed from, where bound, how long out, what ports they intended to touch at, what was the longitude by the reckoning of each, &c. After the bark had passed us we set our sails, and soon overhauled her. The captains had a few more words, when the passengers and crew of the New-Yorker gave us three hearty cheers, which we answered with an equal number, then three more from the New-Yorker answered by one from us, and our military band, consisting of a drum and a fife, set up a lively air, when we speedily shot by, and left her to follow in our wake.

At night we had a visit from a large aquatic bird. After flying around the ship for some time, she alighted on the jib-boom, and was captured by Sherman. I was very desirous of preserving the skin of this bird, which differed from any of those described by Audubon or Wilson, and was probably not a visitor to the United States; but our captain, who is a man of contracted views, and is deeply tinctured with a sailor's whims and superstitions, ordered it to be set at liberty under the pretense of sympathy.

Tuesday, May 4. We have for a week past been drifting,—I can hardly say sailing, for the winds have been light, and we have made but little progress,—towards the Equator, and to-day we have crossed that important geographical line, and passed into another hemisphere. The event has been celebrated with a good deal of hilarity

and nonsense. Old Neptune appeared on board rigged out with an immense wig of Manilla cordage, a grotesque mask, red flannel drawers, and a buffalo coat, and holding the captain's speaking-trumpet in his hand. He was accompanied by his wife, personated by a thin, slender and active fellow, arrayed in a long gown and a straw bonnet. They amused us with a dance to the music of a fiddle, and in return they were treated with some brandy, of which they partook with great gusto. Neptune enquired into the affairs of the ship, cautioned the stewards and cooks to do their duty, gave some wholesome advice to the officers, to whom he was formally introduced, cracked a good many jokes upon the passengers, and disappeared. The frolic went off with great good humor among all parties.

Wednesday, May 12. We have had many squalls accompanied with rain for several days past. Last night a pretty heavy one struck us, sending down a torrent of rain, which leaked into our berths and houses. Many of us got well drenched. Feeling rather uncomfortable from the wet, I arose and stood up by the side of my berth, holding on to it for support, while the ship rolled violently. But I soon grew tired of this. So feeling over my bed in the dark, and finding a comparatively dry place at the foot of it, I changed my pillow to that end, and turned in again. lulled to rest by the howling of the wind, the dashing of the seas, the rushing of several pailfuls of water over the floor of our room, the hoarse orders of the captain and the answers of the sailors, I slept till morning.

Friday, May 14. Spoke a Portuguese brig bound to Rio Janeiro. Her decks were crowded with men and women migrating to the New World. I thought there must have been more than a hundred of them in a vessel not more than two-thirds as large as ours.

Saturday, May 15. We are now distant about four hundred miles from Rio Janeiro, and have strong hopes that we shall touch there, though it was the original intention of Captain Jackson to stop at Saint Catherine's, nearly three hundred miles further south. He is strongly prejudiced against Rio, having lost a brother and three men, besides being dangerously ill himself of yellow fever contracted there on a former visit. Then the port charges are higher at Rio than at St. Catherine's. This objection, however, the passengers propose to obviate by paying fifty dollars; and so the captain engages to put in to Rio if he can ascertain from outward-bound vessels that the place is free from yellow fever. And none of us wish to go there if it is not, though our eagerness to step on land once more would induce many of us to incur some little risk. St. Catherine's is a small island, containing only a few unimportant villages and towns; and it is said, that in consequence of the riotous conduct of many Americans who have put in there, the authorities prohibit a greater number than eight persons landing from any vessel at one time. This would be an uncomfortable, not to say insupportable, state of things for a company of eighty-eight men, women and children, weary of the voyage, and crazy to set foot again on land.

Wednesday, May 19. This is the forty-sixth day of our voyage, during forty-five of which we have not seen land. To-day the cry of land has resounded through the ship, with not quite the joy and enthusiasm to us, perhaps, that the same words gave to Columbus and his companions on the discovery of America, but certainly with a good deal of satisfaction. I have just seen it, two hills on Cape Frio, which we are fast approaching. This cape is sixty miles from Rio, where we hope to arrive early to-morrow, though

we are still in great suspense and uncertainty about stopping there at all.

Thursday, May 20. We passed Cape Frio in the night, and are now, early in the morning, approaching the harbor of Rio. We are now but a few miles distant from the entrance to the harbor. There it lies before us. There lie the hills along the coast in almost every variety of form, some with a gradual rise to their summits, others bold and almost perpendicular; some smooth and rounded, others abrupt and jagged, and still others conical, and sharply pointed. There, in the distance, are the mountains, between which and us is the city, towards which all our thoughts, wishes and desires so anxiously tend. There lies a beach, upon which the surf is breaking in long, white swells; and there are the trees upon the sides and summits of the hills. What a world of new and curious objects we are about to behold! What a variety of trees and other plants and flowers and fruits! What grand and beautiful scenery! and what an endless variety of curiosities, natural and artificial, in this, to us, new city in a new world!

But are we not to be disappointed at last? Even now, when we are almost within view of the city, circumstances begin to wear a suspicious aspect. No vessel is to be seen coming from the harbor, from which we can obtain information with regard to the health of the city, and our captain keeps a respectful distance from the coast, as though he feared to meet one. True, he keeps up a show of going in, by keeping off and on, but he begins to talk of losing his labor and time, and we perceive that he has already dropped half a dozen miles to the leeward of the harbor. We watch his every motion, and listen to every word with deep anxiety. But he does not keep us long in suspense. A hurried breakfast, of which I did not partake, is scarcely

passed, when the order is given, "square away the yards," and in an instant all our visions of Rio Janeiro have vanished. We bid farewell to the city without seeing it, and to the tropics, without setting foot on their lands, and with but one indistinct glimpse of the beautiful scenery within their bounds.



CHAPTER III.

A Mistake Discovered and Corrected—Ill Health—Scenery of the Coast and Harbor of Rio Janeiro—We cast Anchor—Going Ashore—Rambles in the City—Fountains—Markets—Parrots—Hammer-headed Sharks—Monkeys—Slaves—Tropical Trees—Visit to a Hotel—English Gentlemen—Public Gardens.

ONE o'clock P. M. We had just settled down into a sullen resignation to our fate, and some of the passengers had been trying to amuse themselves by making unsuccessful shots at the large sea birds that were flying around us, when a discovery was made which caused great excitement among us, and raised our spirits to a high degree. We had floated along several hours at a short distance from the coast, when one of the passengers who had been in Rio saw that we were now off the entrance to the harbor, and that the captain was wrong in the morning. Captain J., who was in his berth, was called immediately, and acknowledged his mistake. He then engaged again to go in on the conditions previously stipulated. So the ship is turned towards the harbor, where we shall probably arrive in the evening. The money has been collected and paid over. I cannot, however, but feel very anxious as to the event. My health has been seriously declining for several weeks, and my fellow-passengers have more than once discussed the probability of my becoming food for the fishes before the ship arrives at the end of her long voyage. I feel that I must have a short respite on shore or die. But I will not croak about it. We shall know the worst to-morrow. Let me go out and enjoy the splendid scenery that lies before us.

And such scenery! I am gazing upon it with sensations as indescribable as the scenery itself. Never before have I so felt the utter impotency of language. I might say it is beautiful, grand, magnificent, rich beyond any thing I ever saw or imagined. I might lavish upon it every epithet which my delighted senses could suggest, but no words that I can command can, by any possibility, convey the least idea of the strangely enchanting beauty of the harbor we are entering. I have seated myself upon the bowsprit, and as we sail slowly in impelled by a gentle breeze, I have ample opportunity to feast my eyes on the beautiful scene. Let me give you a short prosaic account of it. If I fail to convey to the reader the impression which the scene makes on me, I may at least fix it the more indelibly on my own mind.

An ocean of hills and mountains presents itself on either side of the bay. Here at the entrance on the left, rises an immense rock in the form of a sugar-loaf, to the height, perhaps, of six hundred or eight hundred feet. Beyond, in close proximity, are a hundred other hills, many of them conical, some running up into sharp pinnacles, some nearly bare of vegetation, and others less steep covered to their summits with a dense foliage. And there is one towering above the rest, presenting to the view a black and perpendicular front, and a pinnacle scarcely larger than the spire of a church. The opposite side of the harbor presents nearly the same characteristic scenery, sharp, conical hills and rocks rising abruptly from the bay, succeeded by other hills thickly planted behind and beyond them. The shores of the bay are formed into many broad, circular indentations, fringed with beaches of fine white sand. A large fort mounting a hundred guns, and commanding the entrance to the harbor, stands on a projecting rock overlooked by a mountain from the

summit of which—though I know nothing of the science of fortifications—I fancy that a small battery might be planted that would quickly demolish it. A smaller fort or battery stands opposite on a small island near the sugar-loaf. Other forts defend the inner portions of the harbor. Many fine buildings stand upon the left shore at the foot of the hills, and form almost a continuous street for several miles to the city. Far in the distance, and but dimly described, are the Brazilian Mountains. Though greatly superior in height to the hills on the coast, the same peculiarities of cones and pinnacles characterize them.

We passed the fort, and dropped anchor at a distance of two miles from the city. Near us lay the *North America*, a large ship from New York bound for California with nearly five hundred passengers. They gave us twice three hearty cheers, which we answered in the usual manner.

Immediately on coming to anchor, we were visited by a health officer and a custom-house officer, each of whom was dispatched with a very few words. Captain Jackson then took a boat manned by two sailors, and went ashore, and we made every preparation for an early visit in the morning.

Friday, May 21. About twenty boats were along-side this morning manned by whites and blacks, masters and slaves, all clamorous for passengers. They were unanimous in asking twenty-five cents for a passage, which, though not very exorbitant, they soon reduced to ten cents, and we speedily filled their boats.

The first thing that attracted my attention as we neared the shore, was the singular appearance of the roofs of many of the buildings, which I ascertained were covered with tiles. As few of my readers have ever seen a roof covered in this manner, I am induced to describe it. The

tiles are pieces of pottery in the form of half a tube seven or eight inches in diameter, half or three-quarters of an inch thick, and about two feet long. They are unglazed, and burnt as hard as our pottery. They are supported by a rough frame-work of poles, and laid in two courses, the under course forming gutters to carry off the rain, which is turned into them by the upper course, each upper tile being turned over the edges of two of the under ones. The roof projects sixteen or eighteen inches over the street, and the under side of the projections or eaves is generally painted red. These roofs, of course, answer a good purpose here, but in New England, where boys throw stones, they would not last a fortnight. Nor would they, in my opinion, endure the frosts of our winters for a single month.

We landed and proceeded immediately to a restaurant, where we refreshed ourselves with a cup of coffee and a plate of toast, and then commenced our rambles over the city. I soon found myself separated from my companions and proceeded alone. I crossed a large square, in which, stood a stone fountain built in the form of a temple, from whose sides the water fell into basins beneath. These fountains, though built in different styles, I found in great numbers throughout the city. They are supplied by an aqueduct.

Passing through a street containing several handsome churches and other public buildings, I found myself in the market. This, I believe, was square, surrounded by high walls against which within were shops or stalls containing a great variety of articles of food, vegetable and animal. The square was also crossed by several streets or walks with stalls on each side of them. A fountain with a very large basin occupied the center. My first search was for fruits. I found oranges and bananas in abundance, and these

with cocoa-nuts constitute all the market affords at this season of the year. There were neither watermelons nor musk-melons, no apples, nor pears, nor peaches, no plums of any description, nor a berry of any sort. There were no dead meats to be found in this market. Beef was sold in another part of the city. Live pigs had their appropriate stalls, and chickens, turkeys, and several varieties of ducks and of doves, besides many singing birds, were kept in coarse cages or chained by the leg. Parrots were abundant, and there was a large and exceedingly beautiful bird, whose name I did not know; but I was rather desirous of buying one for the purpose of preserving the skin. I asked the price. It was thirty milreas—about sixteen or seventeen dollars. I did not purchase. There was a great variety of fish, some very beautiful, and others the most disgusting specimens I ever beheld. Among them were several hammer-headed sharks, a curious fish from three to five feet long, with a head twelve or fifteen inches long, attached to the body like a hammer to the handle. An eye is placed at each extremity of the hammer, but the mouth is below it in the body of the fish. There were monkeys enough to make up a menagerie, the greater part of them being of one species with long, prehensile tails. In the center of the square, surrounding the fountain, was a variety of vegetables sold by slaves, male and female, who kept such continual talking, laughing and singing as I never heard before. It seemed as though they were enjoying a holiday, and were in their happiest humor.

I did not stop long in the market, but continuing my walk, I threaded several narrow streets and passages to the summit of a hill, where I found a gate opening into grounds belonging to a large hotel. I entered, and for the first time found myself in the shade of tropical trees. I was delighted with the scene. Every tree, shrub, vine

and flower, were new to me. I knew not the name of a single plant. The sun was beating down intensely, and I was glad to seat myself upon an embankment under the shade of a row of large trees. Several little birds were singing in the branches, only one of which I knew, a wren, though of a different species from any of ours, and smaller, but possessing the same lively, restless, noisy characteristics. A long shaded walk led to the hotel. I had not sat there long when I saw a company of my fellow-passengers approaching. They had just left the hotel, but giving me a gentle hint to treat them, they returned to the house, and I followed. We entered at the rear of the house and we passed through to the front, which afforded a splendid view of the harbor. A little garden on the very verge of the steep hill was filled with a variety of strange flowers and plants, and an arbor with seats occupied one end of it. Standing here, one could look upon the beach at the foot of the hill, and listen to the roar of the waves as they rolled over the hard white sand. My companions having become pretty mellow, sung two or three of their sentimental songs, and departed, leaving me to enjoy a very pleasant interview with two young English gentlemen, who gave me some information respecting the city, and advised me to visit the Botanical Garden, situated at a distance of six or eight miles in the country.

In the afternoon I walked to the Public Garden. This is a large garden, surrounded by a high stone wall, and laid out in triangular plats, each filled with beautiful trees and shrubs, and protected by an iron fence. The ground was perfectly level and the walks broad and smooth. At one extremity were two small ponds bordered by rough stones, and surrounded with benches of hewn granite. From the center of each pond arose a triangular column of hewn stone, consisting of a pedestal

about eighty feet broad and as many high, and a shaft **about** forty feet high terminating in a sharp point; and from the sides of the pedestals streams of water issued into the basins or ponds. A broad walk passes between these fountains, at the extremity of which is an ornamented stone basin elevated several feet above the ground. From the end of this basin rises a mound of rough stones piled up against a very handsome wall, and covered with a variety of cactuses and other plants. At the foot of the mound two enormous alligators lie entwined, from whose gaping mouths, streams of water flow into the basin. A flight of stone steps ascend from each side of the fountain to a terrace thirty feet broad, and extending the width of the garden. This terrace is paved with tessellated marble, and protected by parapet walls, whose sides are covered with porcelain. Two octagonal buildings stand at the extremities of the terrace, each angle of which is crowned with a porcelain vase containing plants, as is also every post in the parapet walls. The waves of the bay dash against the base of the terrace, and their roar is heard in the garden.

I found but few people here, and no one who could talk with me. There were arbors shaded with vines and trees, and supplied with stone seats and tables, where I sat and made my memoranda. I returned to the landing by different streets from those through which I came, seeing many new things—every thing I have seen here is new and strange—and am heartily gratified with my first day in Rio. I found several of the passengers ready to return on board the bark, where we passed the night.

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to the Botanical Garden — Description of the Garden — Dinner at the Hotel — Third Visit to the City — Impudence of the First Mate — Village of San Domingo — A Walk in the Country — Attacked by Dogs — Beautiful Plantations — Civility of a Planter — Elegant Mansion and Grounds — A Retreat — A Fine Road — Return to the Ship — Supply of Fruit — The North America — Mr. Kent, our Consul.

STURDAY, May 22. Our friends, the boatmen, were out betimes, and took us to the city early in the morning. We had arranged a large party of ladies and gentlemen to visit the Botanical Garden, of which we had heard many glowing accounts besides those given me by the young English gentlemen yesterday. To convey our party we hired three carriages, each drawn by two mules, and driven by a man who spoke a little, a very little English, and drove through the streets near the shore of the bay for a distance of three miles or more, when we turned into the country and followed a road that wound around the base of several hills and mountains, one of which I have already spoken of as seen from the bark. It ran up into a sharp, perpendicular peak, as near as I could judge about fifteen hundred feet high. And this mountain I am told is often ascended by tourists, who reach its highest point on horseback. The scenery through which we passed was truly magnificent, and many of the houses and gardens were rich and beautiful. We stopped at a hotel near the garden, whence we walked to the garden accompanied by a very agreeable young man, a Hungarian, who spoke pretty good English, and who made himself very useful in giving us the English names of many of the trees and shrubs. The first object that met

our view—and to me it was one of the greatest attractions of the garden — was two rows of palm trees planted on the edges of a broad and elevated walk, passing through the center of the garden. The trunks of these palms were of a stone gray or ash color, and showed a slight circular ridge or mark at intervals of three or four inches, where they had been encircled by the footstalks of leaves, which had fallen off as the trees increased in height. They were perfectly round, and symmetrical, and to my inexperienced eye they seemed to have been turned in a lathe, or chiseled by a sculptor. They rose to the height of thirty or forty feet, and were crowned with a great tuft of long leaves. The effect on looking through this long vista of trees was peculiar and striking, and I could scarcely resist the impression that they were the work of art, pillars of stone crowned with artificial foliage. Near this walk we saw several plats of the China tea-plant. I did not learn any thing as to its productiveness.

We passed rapidly through a great many walks, and saw groves of a large variety of trees, in all which I felt a peculiar interest, such as the cinnamon, nutmeg, sage, camphor, bread-fruit, tamarind, cocoa-nut, orange, lemon and banyan trees, and thickets of bamboo and swamps of bananas, besides a multitude of beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers, whose names we did not learn. In the center of the garden, and dividing the palm-tree walk, which I have described, into two equal parts, is a fine fountain bordered with and surrounded by a profusion of rich flowers. A little farther on we found a pretty brook running over a hard bed of sand and thickly shaded with bananas. It was just sequestered and wild enough to remind me of home and the many brooks of pure water, in which I had so often slaked my thirst in my frequent rambles in the wild woods of Maine. I was glad to find

something, if only a brook, in this world of novelties, **that** might, perhaps, have its counterpart in my own country. But more than this, there was a little grove of **cedars**, which, we were told, had been imported from the United States.

I was deeply interested in the bread-fruit tree with its large half grown fruit, and its great, shining, deep green leaves. It has had a sort of romantic attraction for me ever since I read of it in early childhood in the voyages of Captain Cook. The tamarind also is very attractive, and with its broad spreading branches and brilliant foliage, is one of the most beautiful trees within the tropics. The banana is an annual plant, growing to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, with immensely long leaves from eighteen inches to two feet wide. It bears an immense cluster of fruit, sometimes several hundreds in number, each about six inches long. The pulp of the banana is covered with a thick skin, which is easily detached. I do not know what other fruit to compare it with. I found it of a very pleasant flavor when eaten with sugar and wine, as we eat musk-melons, though its flavor is far inferior to that of the musk-melon. .

After satisfying our curiosity with the beauties of the garden, we returned to the hotel in season for dinner. And as I shall, in all probability, never partake of another Brazilian dinner, I am tempted to give a short account of this. The company at the table consisted solely of our own party, and the young Hungarian. We sat down to a long table not less than six feet wide, which we found a very inconvenient width. There were sixteen or seventeen of us. We had a small turkey roasted with the feet, but without stuffing; neat's tongue fried in oil or something else that rendered it extremely unpalatable; fried ham and eggs, strong and unpleasant; fried fish, green peas,

utterly tasteless; potatoes, very small and fried in oil, and lettuce. The food was placed on the table, and we were left to help ourselves, which the great width of the table rendered very inconvenient. The carving of the turkey devolved upon me. The gentlemen watched the operation with deep interest, and had the mortification of seeing the whole of it distributed among the ladies. Turkey being out of the question with them, they turned their attention to the other dishes, of which they partook with such appetites as might be expected after a six weeks' voyage at sea. The first and principal course was speedily disposed of. The table was cleared away, and then came the second course or dessert, which consisted of two small omelets or tarts, which I thought were very good; two small loaves of sponge cake, ditto; and bananas, oranges and walnuts, of all which we left not a vestige.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly, and the bill was settled with some little trouble, in which we had to call in the assistance of our friend, the Hungarian, as none of us understood Portuguese, and the landlord was equally ignorant of English. Each article was charged separately, and the long list of items and their prices required a pretty familiar acquaintance with compound addition and with Brazilian currency, to bring the sum to a satisfactory footing. The excursion proved to be one of great enjoyment to us, and we returned to the city and to the ship, highly delighted with the day's adventure.

May 23. We had been notified that a missionary from the city would preach on board our ship to-day, and the ladies and some of the gentlemen stopped to hear him. But many of us could not resist the inclination to spend on shore the very short time of our stay at Rio, and we resolved to take an early start for the city. As we were about leaving the ship, the first mate, whose name is

Atwood, an ignorant, uncouth sailor, undertook to stop us by a very winning exhortation, which he wound up by calling us a damned pack of fellows with no more manners than the heathen. I replied that Mr. Atwood was the last man in the world to whom I should go to learn good manners, and then went on board the boat.

We found, as we expected, the stores open in the city, and business transacted as it is in all Catholic countries on the Sabbath. I went into several churches, where I found but few worshipers, but they were continually coming and going, and their individual devotions occupied but a small portion of time. Some of the passengers found amusement in a cock fight. Others went to the public garden, where they found a great concourse of people, that being a place of much resort on Sundays. As I had resolved to take a walk into the country on the opposite side of the harbor, I invited two young men, T. Ladd and B. D. Morrill, to accompany me. We crossed the bay in a steam ferry-boat to the village of San Domingo. This village is built around one of the indentations, which form a prominent feature in this harbor. The principal street stretches more than a mile in a circular form around the bay, and is built upon only one side, the houses all overlooking the water, which washes a broad beach of fine white sand. Double rows of trees are planted on the street next the beach, and thickly planted trees and shrubbery form a deep shade around each dwelling.

We took one of the principal roads, and walked into the country, going wherever curiosity or fancy directed, a hundred roads diverging to the right and left as we advanced. We passed many houses and plantations as we wound around the hills, and we stopped frequently to rest us and to examine the plants and the gardens, that invited our notice. At one place we saw a gang of slaves

drilling into a quarry on the side of a hill for the purpose of procuring stone for building. The sun was beating down upon the rock with great intensity, and none but those half naked Africans could have endured the heat. Their shining backs glistened in the sun, like polished ebony. At another place we saw two slaves chained together, and digging in the earth in that condition. They had, perhaps, been guilty of insubordination or some other crime against their lawful masters !

Our first attempt to visit a plantation was unsuccessful. It was a pretty place, the house was a ney and handsome one, the grounds looked inviting, and the gate was open. We entered, but had proceeded only a few steps when we were met by two large dogs destitute of hair but not of teeth, who not only disputed our further progress, but seemed disposed to take vengeance on us for our intrusion. We were not inclined to parley with them, but commenced an immediate retreat, when a slave, who happened to be near, came forward and called off the dogs. At the same moment the master of the house, a surly looking old fellow, hearing the uproar, came out from the house, and instead of inviting us in like a gentleman, as he was in duty bound, only directed us by signs to another house, where we thought he intended to intimate, we should meet with a more hospitable reception. And in this he was right. A large and elegant mansion stood near the road. The gate was open, and we passed through, though rather hesitatingly. A negro met us with many smiles, conducted us over the grounds, broke off as many oranges from the branches of the trees as we wanted to eat and carry away, permitted me to cut an orange twig for a walking-stick, and showed us half a dozen very fine cows, which my companions pronounced fully equal to, and very much resembling, our best cows in Maine. A few small coin

rewarded his civility, and we continued our walk. A little distance further brought us to a small village. We sat down to rest us for a few minutes upon some stone steps in front of a store connected with a handsome dwelling-house. As we were about to continue our rambles we met a gentleman at the gateway, who saluted us in English, and invited us to sit in the shade. He talked with us of a hundred things in a few minutes. He had once resided in Virginia, and expressed himself in terms of high admiration of the government of the United States, and of unqualified disgust of the Roman Catholic religion, which was the bane of Brazil. He invited us to walk over his grounds, and as we declined eating oranges, he directed a slave to cut us some stalks of sugar-cane, the juice of which is very refreshing to a thirsty traveler. He directed our attention to a little naked "nigger baby," which lay sprawled out upon the ground, and which he said he was raising with no other motive than that of pure charity, for the animal would not half repay the cost of rearing it. Thanking him for his hospitality, we took leave, when he gave us a hearty shake of the hand, and wished us a successful voyage.

A little further on we saw an elegant mansion situated about half way up the side of a steep hill, and overlooking a considerable extent of country. It was a delightful situation, and its owner was the proprietor of a coffee plantation on the other side of the road and in front of his house. A number of blacks were at this time occupied in preparing the coffee for market.

The gateway to the grounds consisted of a square building perhaps twenty feet high. I opened the gate and went in. A walk leading to the house wound to the right, through thickets of trees up the acclivity, in the steepest portions of which were placed flights of broad stone steps.

Another walk diverged to the left, and was soon lost to the view in groves of oranges, lemons, tamarinds, and other tropical trees. Many new and beautiful plants were to be seen around the house, and every thing displayed beauty, elegance, and taste. I looked round for a few moments, but seeing no one on the grounds, I left the place.

On our return we took another road, and passed many places whose scenery deeply interested us. At one plantation we met, as usual, a smiling slave, who conducted us through the walks of a beautiful garden. Another slave, a female, soon appeared with a long stick prepared at one end like a fork to break oranges from the branches; and we were getting along very pleasantly, walking in the shade of orange, bread-fruit, tamarind, and other trees, many of which we did not know, when suddenly we saw a large party of blacks, male and female, in one of the distant walks, and saw a great commotion among them. My curiosity was excited to see the frolic, which I thought might have been an African dance or a fandango. But Morrill, who perceived a strong smell of rum in the breath of our dark cicerone, and thinking the distant scene bore a greater resemblance to an Irish riot, beat a precipitate retreat, and I followed, sorry to lose so good an opportunity for learning something of the amusements of those slaves.

Continuing our walk, we came to the bay, where we found a new road winding in one place around the base of huge, perpendicular precipices, from every interstice of which hung a variety of cactuses, vines and shrubs, while lofty palms threw up their leaf-crowned shafts from the earth below.

The road we had found was new, hard, perfectly smooth, and was decidedly the best highway I ever saw. It led

direct to the town of San Domingo, almost a mile distant from the point at which we had landed, and where we speedily arrived. Recrossing the bay, we purchased a few necessaries at Rio, and returned to the ship. We found our bark the scene of much noise and confusion, arrising from the drunkenness of several of the passengers, who had just returned, having spent the day in drinking on shore. One man had become so outrageously violent and crazy, that the second mate, who had command of the ship at this time,—the captain and first mate being both absent,—was obliged to secure him by tying his hands.

May 24. We had laid in many things necessary for our comfort during the continuance of our voyage, among which were a large lot of oranges, and some bananas and cocoa-nuts. This morning, just as we were about to sail, two boats laden with oranges came along-side the ship, and though we thought we had a pretty good supply of fruit, we bought both cargoes, amounting to about two thousand. They cost us from forty to sixty cents a hundred.

The North America left the harbor two days before us. We did not visit her though she lay at anchor almost within speaking distance of us. A regulation of the port prohibits the passengers and crews passing from one ship to another. It may have been a fortunate regulation for us, for we had many reports of the yellow fever being in the ship. This disease had raged very fatally in the city, but was beginning to subside, though we were told it was still rife.

Mr. Kent, our consul at Rio at this time, had removed with his family into the country, where he found a more salubrious climate than the city afforded. This was a disappointment to several of the passengers, who were personally acquainted with him, and had anticipated

much pleasure in meeting him in this distant land. Mr. Kent is said to be very popular at Rio, and the interest he takes in the oppressed seamen, and the kindness and humanity he manifests towards them, have done him much credit.



CHAPTER V.

Weigh Anchor—Civility of People of Rio — Temperance — An Altercation — Cold Weather — Cape Pigeons — Large Bird — Our Kitchen Establishment — Stewards and Cooks — Scouse — Inspection of Cooks' Galley — A Joke — A Squall — An Altercation — Captain J. and Mrs. L — t — Cape Pigeons — Oranges.

WE did not weigh anchor until 2 p. m. As we were beating out of the harbor, we met the Portuguese brig, which we had spoken on the fourteenth instant, coming in. After getting out and passing the lighthouse and the islands, we squared away and stood on our course with a fair and moderate breeze.

We were now much improved in health, and all the hardships, privations, annoyances; and disappointments of the former part of our voyage were forgotten. We were now supplied with a rich fund of new and interesting subjects for conversation, we looked forward to a speedy and prosperous passage round Cape Horn, and we were in the very best of spirits. We had seen Rio Janeiro.

I had, as the reader may well suppose, but slight opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the institutions of the country, or the manners and customs of its inhabitants during my very short stay in Rio, and will not insult the reader with a long essay on subjects of which I know nothing. But I noticed a few traits in their character, with which I was much pleased. I found them very kind, polite and hospitable. In all my walks through the city, which I generally took alone, I did not meet with an instance of rudeness or incivility. It was the same whether I was crowding through the market or other public places, which

were thronged by multitudes of people of all classes and complexions, white, brown and black, or threading the solitary and narrow streets and crooked by-lanes which, in many cities, would seem to offer every facility and inducement for the safe perpetration of deeds of violence. I one day passed some barracks, where several companies of soldiers were drilling. The gate was open, but guarded by a soldier. I stopped and looked in. "Passé," said the sentinel, and I walked in, saw the evolutions of the soldiers on drill, and passed through several groups of others off duty. Every thing was conducted without disorder, and I was as secure from any insult or annoyance as I should have been in the midst of a party of friends at home. There were many dark complexions among them, and I thought that quite half of them, officers as well as privates, were black.

There are a great many restaurants, cafés, and other drinking establishments in Rio, and one would expect to see a great amount of intemperance among the people; and yet the only instances of drunkenness I saw there were those which occurred among the passengers and crew of our bark.

May 25. Our latitude to-day is $24^{\circ} 45'$ south, longitude 44° west. We have passed the Tropic of Capricorn, and are sailing in the southern temperate zone.

May 28. I have had an unpleasant altercation with Capt. Jackson to-day. The occasion was this: Some pretty birds—Cape Pigeons—have been flying round the ship, and as I was desirous of preserving one or two specimens of their skins, one of the passengers caught one with a hook and line for me. As Mr. Johnson was desirous of showing it to the ladies in the cabin, I let him take it. When he returned it, he brought an order to me from the captain, who was then in the cabin, to throw the bird overboard. I resisted the order. The parson pleaded for

life of the bird as though it was a matter of the utmost consequence. I told him I had procured the bird for the purpose of preserving the skin, and I knew of no reason why I should not do it. In a few minutes the direful deed was done, and the body of the murdered bird lay stretched upon the deck skinless. The captain came up in great wrath, and a warm discussion ensued, during which he declared his fixed determination to protect the birds, and forbade the killing of another one during the voyage. I told him I was aware that he had the power to enforce his order, and that I should be obliged to submit, but I protested against it as an infringement of my rights, and an unjustifiable exercise of arbitrary power. I hinted to him that he had better bestow a little of his compassion upon his passengers, and told him that I had already suffered more from bad food, filthy water and want of proper nourishment during my sickness on this voyage, than all the birds I wished to kill would suffer by their deaths. So we parted, and in less than an hour my friends caught me another bird, which I skinned and preserved.

June 1. Winter is upon us. At least it is fast approaching, this being the first winter month in this hemisphere. It is not to be expected that we shall find very cold weather in this low latitude — $34^{\circ} 28'$ — but for some time past the cold has been sensibly increasing. We have left the sun far to the north, that is, in our position on the globe, we see it at the north instead of the south, as it appears to us on the other side of the equator. He has thrown down his rays vertically upon us as he passed, drawing the melting pitch from the seams of the ship, and filling the cabins with an insupportable heat. The North Star has long since disappeared, and the Great Bear and other constellations with which we are, or ought to be, familiar, have settled down in the north, and new constellations have taken their

places. The awning, which we had placed over our house, as a protection from the heat, has been removed. The passengers no longer lodge there, and their beds have been returned to their berths. A fair wind is driving us onward, and a few days will find us in the regions of storms, snows, and perhaps of icebergs. May our second winter in 1852 prove a short and fortunate one. A week has elapsed since we left Rio, our company are generally in good health, and our fears of an attack of yellow fever have vanished.

We are attended by multitudes of Cape Pigeons, which are so gentle and unsuspicuous of danger, that they alight on the water directly under our stern. There are other birds with them, but none so tame. A large bird about the size of a goose was caught with a baited hook by a passenger, who obtained permission from our humane captain to hook up the bird on condition that he should set it at liberty again. To-day for the first time I have seen an albatross.

June 2. There have been some important changes made in our cooking department. I have already hinted that we have suffered severely from the wretched preparation of our food. The cooks are filthy in the extreme, and exceedingly careless. But before I proceed, let me describe our kitchen establishment. The duty of the first steward is to keep the ship's stores, and deal them out to the cooks. He also kneads up the bread, or "soft-tack," as it is called in contradistinction to the ship-bread, which is called "hard-tack." We have three other stewards or waiters, two for the main cabin, and one for our room in the after house. Our stewards also take their meals to the mates, who have a small room in the forward house. There is also a stewardess for the ladies' cabin. Two cooks prepare the food and deliver it to the stewards, who have charge of the tables in their respective cabins.

One day the chief steward, while kneading his bread saw a dirty hen escape from her cage; and leaving his dough, he caught the hen, restored her to the cage, and returned to his dough with an accumulation of material upon his hands, which it was far from agreeable to witness, and which diminished the demand for soft tack very essentially. Little things of this sort were of every day occurrence. Messes of filthy trash were often set before us, which the most hungry among us could not swallow. We had a mess called "scouse," made up of a mixture of all the scraps of the salt beef and pork left of our dinner, and broken pieces of ship-bread boiled together. This was served up repeatedly; but the pans of scouse were so often sent back full to the cooks' galley, that they desisted for several weeks from forcing it upon us. But this morning they made another attempt, doubtless by the captain's order, and added to the mess by way of improvement several condiments, which we had not before discovered, such as bits of orange peel and cheese and *mirabile dictu!* of tobacco. We called the captain, and requested him to inspect the pan of scouse. He looked at it and passed on without any remark. He was met at the door by a deputation from the main cabin, bearing another pan of the delectable mixture. The captain by this time began to think that the matter was assuming rather a serious aspect, and he condescended to order an inspection of the cooks' galley, when the mischief was traced to an old fellow by the name of Draper, who was in the habit of drying his quids on a shelf directly over the boiler. Mr. Draper was accordingly degraded from the post of cook, and another gentleman appointed in his place. The passengers testified their satisfaction at this arrangement by three hearty cheers.

Some of our wags played off a joke on the chief steward by tapping the heels of his boots in the night with some very heavy cakes which he had made. He complained of the indignity to the second mate, who advised him to give his ~~tape~~ a fair trial, for in his opinion the bread would prove an excellent substitute for leather.

June 3. Last night we had a smart gale, which drove us forward at the rate of twelve knots; and this morning we were threatened with one of those squalls that often occur in the vicinity of the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, which we have just passed. The sky was overcast with dark clouds that were often illuminated with brilliant flashes of lightning. All hands were called and most of the sails furled. The squall burst upon us in a fine shower of rain, but the wind proved only a pleasant breeze, that helped up to make up a good day's reckoning.

June 6. There has been an unpleasant altercation on this holy Sabbath between our worthy captain, (who, by the way, is a religious man and a member of a church,) and some of his lady passengers. The quarrel originated at the time of our visit at Rio. For several weeks prior to this visit, he had been very lavish of his attentions to Mrs. L——t, who had been ill during the voyage to Rio, and seemed to require a great deal of brandy and bitters, wine and gruel, and herb drinks. The captain was very assiduous in supplying the wants of Mrs. L——t, and his assiduities certainly entitled him to her warmest gratitude. But his intercourse with Mrs. L——t did not consist solely in administering drinks and doses. Among other little manifestations of friendliness, they united their fortunes in the purchase of a ticket in a lottery, which one of the passengers made of an article of jewelry. They drew the prize, and the captain became sole owner of the bauble by purchasing Mrs. L——t's share. Matters continued in

this friendly way between them, till we arrived at **Rio**. Here, after inquiring into the health of the city, he cautioned his passengers against stopping on shore at night where they would be liable to take the yellow fever. The next morning he accompanied Mrs. L——t on shore, where they tarried day and night until the afternoon previous to our sailing. As a matter of course this, together with their previous intimacy, was a subject of much remark and some sport among the passengers. Their jokes reached Captain Jackson's ears and enraged him. He declared that there should be a stop put to the talk. The passengers thought otherwise. A smart little quarrel grew out of it, the women took it in hand, and nourished it, and to-day a discussion remarkable for its warmth and length, took place between Capt. J. and Mrs. L——t on one side, and Miss Julia S——g on the other. The battle raged till the middle of the afternoon, when the captain left in a very wrathful frame of mind to join in a religious service on deck, and to worship the God of peace and purity. Capt J. has a wife in Maine and Mrs. L——t a husband in San Francisco.

June 8. Latitude $47^{\circ} 6'$, longitude $59^{\circ} 8'$. We have cold weather, strong winds, squalls, snow, hail and rain. Great numbers of sea birds, chiefly Cape Pigeons, follow the ship. They bite very readily at a hook baited with pork, and are easily caught. They are pretty birds, and fly with great ease and gracefulness, and their wings seem never to tire. They alight on the water, on which they swim with great agility, and I have seen them dive several feet into the water in pursuit of food that had been thrown to them from the ship. There is considerable difference both in the size and color of these birds, and perhaps a skillful ornithologist might determine them to consist of several species, though I am inclined to consider them as varieties

of the same species. One of the passengers caught two of them for me, but owing to cold weather and a slight seasickness at this time, I lost them.

June 10. Caught two more Cape Pigeons, and it being cold on deck, I was glad to accept the invitation from some of the passengers in the main cabin to skin the birds there. Their beaks were of a delicate light ash or lead color, and their breasts white. There were some dark spots on the wings. They were seventeen inches long, and forty-two and a half inches in the stretch of their wings. Two spotted ones, whose skins I have preserved, are smaller, being only thirty-four inches in alar extent.

Our oranges have nearly disappeared. Having been kept in close boxes and chests, they have decayed very rapidly. I have found them very beneficial to my health, and should be glad to keep them till we arrive at the next port, but they will be used up before we reach Cape Horn.



CHAPTER VI.

A Disagreeable Scene — Scarcity of Oil — Lamps and Slush — An Albatross. Ill Manners of the Mate — Cold Weather — The Whiffetree Watch — Disagreeable Scene — Magellan Clouds and Southern Cross — An Act of Kindness — Turnovers and Sport — Tierra del Fuego and Staten Land — A Perilous Passage. Ducks and Cape Pigeons — A Squall — A Black Albatross — Cape Horn — Stormy Weather — A Gale — Accident at the Breakfast Table.

ONE of those disagreeable scenes, which are of too frequent occurrence among us, came off this morning. Captain J. without any ceremony or consultation with the passengers, ordered the cooks to supply us with but two meals a day. This would not have been very seriously objected to, had we been furnished with any decent food in place of the vile trash, upon which we have been forced to subsist. But after waiting till half past eight, the time appointed for breakfast under this new regulation, behold! a pan of scouse is placed before us! And this was to suffice until two or three in the afternoon. Some of us could not, and others would not, eat it, and after much "growling," as the captain terms our remonstrances, we succeeded in getting a dish of cold hasty pudding — the cooks refusing to warm it for us — and on this, with a dipper full of muddy coffee for those who could drink it, and of water for those who could not, we made our breakfast. We were in an excellent frame of mind to quarrel with the captain, and after a warm dispute we succeeded in having the former order of things restored. And bad enough it was at that.

A day or two since I applied to Capt. J. to sell or lend me a little oil for my own special use during the long nights

we have just begun to encounter. This led to an examination of the ship's stock of oil, when it was ascertained that but a few gallons remained, which it was necessary to husband with the greatest care. To remedy the inconvenience of remaining in almost total darkness, the occupants of the main cabin have invented a variety of lamps, which they manufacture out of bottles and phials, cutting them off by means of strings, which they pass rapidly round them till they become heated by the friction, and then dipping them in water. These lamps they fill with "slush"—grease left by the cooks,—which, though a poor substitute for oil, they are happy to get.

June 11. A large white albatross flew round the ship to-day with other birds. I threw out a baited hook for him, while the mate stood by with an open knife, threatening to cut the line. I caught the bird several times by the bill, and drew him close under the stern, but he slipped from the hook, and thus saved the amiable mate the trouble of executing his threat.

The cold has increased to such a degree, that Captain J. has set up a stove in the ladies' cabin. The owners of the ship have also supplied a stove for our room, but the captain tells us there is not wood enough for it—though we are convinced he knows better—and therefore refuses to have it set up. So we must make up our minds for a cold passage round Cape Horn. The ladies are making some additional preparations for warding off the cold. Two of them have made themselves hoods, and after searching in vain among their stores for cotton to stuff them with, they have—by permission—attacked my comforter, and supplied themselves.

June 13. For a week past we have been drifting about within little more than a day's sail of the Falkland Islands, beating against head winds, encountering squalls of win-

accompanied by rain, hail and snow, almost every hour of the day, and making but very little progress. This state of things is very irksome to us, and we are not a little impatient. The days are very short, and the nights dark and dreary. Our situation is any thing but agreeable, and yet we often find some little thing to amuse us, and the veriest trifles will sometimes answer this purpose. One night during a squall, some of the passengers were out assisting the sailors in furling the sails, when a small spar gave way and broke. "There," exclaimed one of them, "that whiffletree has gone to the devil!" The idea of a whiffletree as one of the spars of a ship, amused the crew, and our volunteer sailors were thereafter denominated "the Whiffle-tree Watch."

June 14. Another disgraceful scene occurred in the ladies' cabin this morning, being a continuation of the quarrel that took place a week since between our worthy captain and Julia Spaulding. The altercation between them was very violent, a part of which I overheard. Captain J. was in great wrath, smote his fists together, and repeatedly called Julia a liar; told her he would have no more of her lies, charged her indirectly with having attempted to seduce him, and threatened to shut her up and feed her by herself. All this intermingled with much profane and other violent language towards a female is by no means calculated to remove the strong dislike, which the passengers entertain for Captain J. They also very naturally side with the woman, who, they think, tells quite as many truths as falsehoods in the matter.

June 15. I lay this morning looking from the single remaining pane of glass in my window upon a bright sky, which I have not often had an opportunity to observe in this region of clouds and storms, and looking for the first time upon the Magellan Clouds, and contemplating the

brilliant constellations in the heavens, among which the Southern Cross shone conspicuously. The Cross has been in view for several weeks; but though I have seen it several times, I have not until recently been certain of its identity, and our intelligent officers could give me no information concerning it.

"The Magellan Clouds consist of three small nebulae in the southern part of the heavens—two bright, like the milky way, and one dark. These are first seen above the horizon soon after crossing the southern tropic. When off Cape Horn they are nearly overhead. The Cross is composed of four stars in that form, and is said to be the brightest constellation in the heavens."*

I received a little act of kindness in the evening, which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recording. Soon after supper as I was standing in our cabin, I remarked to a passenger that I had eaten but one biscuit during the day, and that I was really hungry. To his question "why do you not eat some ship-bread?" I replied that I had taken a distaste to it during my seasickness, and the very sight of it had become loathsome to me. It was the same with the beans we had to-day,—boiled beans and pork, which had been served up to us three or four times a week during the voyage. The wife of the chief steward—Mrs. Grant—was present and heard the conversation. She immediately left the cabin and passed to the cooks' galley. In a few minutes she returned, and as she passed by me she cautioned me to be silent, while she slipped a large turnover or fried mince-pie into my coat-pocket. The cooks had made a quantity of them for the captain and ladies, and she had begged this for me. Many such kindnesses have I received from her and other women during the voyage. They derive their value, not from the greatness of the gift bestowed, but from the circumstances in which both the giver and the receiver are placed, and to me, sick, hungr:

*R. H. Dana, Jr.

and thirsty as I often have been, I have felt such favors to be of "greater value than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags."

The passengers in the main cabin have made these turnovers and the other varieties, which are got up for the inmates of the ladies' cabin, a subject of some pleasantry. They feel that they are equally entitled to these dainties with the other passengers. It was stipulated by the owners of the vessel, that all the passengers should fare alike, and they are naturally sensitive at the distinction which is constantly made to their prejudice; and the more so as the captain and two other men besides Mr. Johnson, have domiciled themselves in the ladies' cabin, where they partake of the best the ship affords, while the majority starve on scouse and boiled beans.

There was a large gathering near the captain's state-room soon after supper to-night, where they continued some time shouting vociferously, and singing a parody on a fine old song, of which I never heard but these two lines:

"Tim Darling didn't know but his father was well,
And his father didn't know but Tim Darling was well."

The parody ran thus:

"The cooks, they all know that the captain lives well,
And the captain, he knows that the cooks, they live well."

The captain listened to the music, which was fully equal to the poetry, but with a greater degree of prudence than he sometimes exercises, he controlled his temper and pocketed the insult.

June 16. A fine gale sprung up last night, and continues blowing to-day, bearing us on our course, westward of the Falkland Islands, towards the Strait of Le Maire, through which we hope to pass to-morrow.

June 17. A cloudless, golden sky in the morning, a pleasant breeze, a calm sea, a cool air, but not freezing, and a soft, hazy atmosphere, like one of our northern summer mornings. Tierra del Fuego lay before us on the right, and Staten Land on the left, their valleys and heights covered with snow. I promised myself the great gratification of a near view of both of these desolate regions; but in this I was doomed to disappointment.

Before ten o'clock the sky became filled with clouds, and the brilliancy of the morning gave place to darkness and gloom. An eclipse of the sun occurred during the day, which increased the darkness. The wind gradually died away, and we passed several hours at the entrance to the Strait of Le Maire, where we encountered a strong current till night, when we perceived the ship to be drifting astern. At about four p. m. the tide turned, and swept us back into the Strait again. It was now dark, and but little could be seen around us. The current carried us towards Staten Land, whose coasts were very bold and dangerous to approach, and were rendered doubly so at this time by the exceeding darkness of the night. Our sails were flapping uselessly against the masts, we had no control over the vessel, which was drifting at the rate of four knots an hour, and our situation was becoming perilous in the extreme. Captain J. was exceedingly anxious. He ordered the mate to have the boats in readiness, for we might soon want them. We were now only three miles distant from the coast as the captain conjectured. A heavy swell added to our danger and increased our difficulties; and there seemed scarcely a hope of our escaping shipwreck, on one of the most desolate and forlorn coasts of which the imagination can conceive. But just at this juncture, when a few minutes more would have sent the ship on to the rocks, a favorable wind providentially sprung up, the

sails filled, the ship began to feel her helm, and we bade adieu to Staten Land.

But another danger awaited us. In getting clear of Staten Land we approached too near the coast of Tierra del Fuego, and came very near running upon a large rock that lies off that coast; but happily the sailor at the watch discovered it in season to wear ship, and sail by it. At length all the dangers of this hazardous passage were cleared, and before morning we had passed into the open ocean again.

We saw but few signs of vegetation on Staten Land. It was thrown up into mountains and precipices of the most rugged and barren character, and presented an aspect of dreary desolation. There were patches of low shrubs in sight on Tierra del Fuego, but no trees. The hills at the entrance to the Strait were less precipitous than those on Staten Land. But the whole scene, so far as the early darkness permitted us to view it, was as forbidding as it could well be. Immense flocks of ducks flew across the Strait towards Staten Land in the afternoon. There was also a flock of Cape Pigeons, perhaps a hundred in number, flying round the ship, and the passengers fed them with scraps of pork and with pot skimmings. As I watched this amusement, I could not suppress the thought that this was an inexcusable waste of those precious dainties, which should have been preserved for the manufacture of — scouse.

The width of the Strait of Le Maire is about twenty miles. The length of Staten Land is seventy miles.

June 19. We beat against a head wind yesterday, and made but little progress. To-day we had a specimen of Cape Horn weather. A squall arose in the morning, the most violent we have yet encountered; and the sailors were sent in good haste to shorten sail. Assisted by the

passengers, they soon reduced the canvass to the proper quantity, and our vessel rode out the storm in fine style, and without any damage. But the captain and two of the passengers lost each a hat. The wind abated in the afternoon.

While the gale was at its height, one of the passengers caught a beautiful black albatross for me. But while the company were looking at it, the captain and mate watched the bird, determined that it should not be killed. I believe they really felt that the safety of the ship depended on the life of the bird. It was a magnificent specimen of this species of albatross, in fact, the only one I ever saw, and would have been a valuable acquisition to me. But I left it for a moment in charge of a friend, when the captain ordered the second mate to bring it to him, and he threw it overboard. Such is the influence of superstition on an ignorant seaman.

June 20. The gale of yesterday subsided at night to a light breeze, which continued during the night, and this morning we had the great gratification of beholding Cape Horn. It lay but a few miles distant, and in full view before us. I felt a slight degree of enthusiasm as I looked upon it, and recalled the descriptions I had read of it in my boyhood, and the tales of terror I had gathered from the narratives of voyages round this far-famed point. We were sailing past the Cape in a south-west direction, with a breeze that was fast increasing in strength, and we hoped that the next tack of our ship would carry us safely beyond the much dreaded barrier. But we soon found that this was not to be so speedily accomplished. The wind rose to a gale, and we were obliged to reduce our canvass to a few sails, and at last to lay to under the fore-top-mast-stay sail, main-stay sail and spanker.

Cape Horn is a naked promontory at the extremity of a little island about twelve miles long, called Horn Island. Many other islands and rocks lie in the neighborhood, but Cape Horn is readily distinguished from them all by its greater height and the steepness of its south-western side. It is ninety miles distant from the Strait of Le Maire. Its latitude is $55^{\circ} 59'$ south, and its longitude, $67^{\circ} 16'$ west.

June 21. We are still encountering head winds, still laying to and drifting to leeward. The wind blows in tempestuous gusts, and the seas are running higher than I have ever before seen them. The sky is covered with clouds, from which we receive frequent showers of rain, accompanied in a single instance, with thunder and lightning. Now and then the sun breaks forth for a moment, but soon disappears again. It is a season of anxiety to many of us, but the bark proves a good sea-boat, and we have considerable confidence in the skill of our captain.

June 22. The gale became furious last night, and seemed increasing in force this morning. We had no little difficulty in eating our breakfast. A pan of fried pork and boiled beef, another pan of hard-bread, and a pot of coffee were set on the table, but how to keep them there required a greater degree of skill than we possessed. We could not sit, and we were in danger every moment of being pitched over the table, and across the cabin. To avoid such a catastrophe we were obliged to hold by the berths with both hands. We made an effort, however, to eat, but had hardly made a beginning when a violent lurch of the ship sent our pork, bread, coffee, and all, in an instant upon the floor and into a neighboring berth. The scene was rather ludicrous, and we managed to extract a laugh out of it as we picked up the fragments, sent for a pot of fresh coffee, and finished our breakfast.

CHAPTER VII.

Severe Cold — Furious Storm — Diego Ramirez Islands — Land Ahead — Cape Horn Weather — Two Vessels — Length of Days and Nights — Disagreeable Brawl — Heading North — Patagonia — The Andes — Another Storm — Anxiety of Captain J. — A Lunar Rainbow — Another Gale — Bill of Fare — Filthy Cooks and Impure Water.

JUNE 23. The wind, which continued to blow with great fury during the night, began to subside a little towards morning, and as it was now veering to a more favorable point, we unfurled the sails, and were in good spirits at the prospect of speedily weathering the Cape. But the wind soon changed again, and continued to blow in violent gusts during the day, bringing down flights of snow and sleet, which covered the decks, and froze the sails and rigging. The cold was severe, and our cabin very uncomfortable. By invitation from one of the ladies, I visited their cabin for the first time since we left Rio. I was glad of an opportunity to warm my feet and hands at their stove. We are in the habit of betaking ourselves to our berths for warmth, though I occasionally get into the cooks' galley when it is not occupied by other passengers or sailors.

During a temporary abatement of the gale at night, several of the ladies went out and amused themselves with snow-balling. The sport was lively but of short continuance.

June 24. A fresh wind was blowing in the morning when I arose, and a thick fall of snow nearly blinded me as I went out on deck. The cold had become intense, as it was a time of suffering for the poor sailors. But t

wind was fair, and Captain J. determined to improve it by spreading more sail. But the men had scarcely got the fore and maintop sails set, when the storm came on again with a fury far exceeding any thing we had yet encountered, and they were again sent aloft to furl the sails. We now lay to under two stay sails, the ship rolling with great violence, and the seas breaking over the decks.

There is a beauty, a sublimity in this war of the winds and waters, that fill the mind of the beholder with emotions of mingled delight and awe, and not unfrequently, be it confessed, with fear. It presents a scene which is difficult to describe, and can be imagined only by him who has witnessed it. To the captain it was at this time a season of anxiety, and to the sailors one of severe hardship. It was also a time of much uneasiness with many of the passengers; and one of them, who went up to assist in furling a sail, came down with his hands badly frozen. The winds whistled, howled and shrieked through the rigging, the torn sails flapped, the strained masts creaked and groaned, the waves rolled up into immense billows covered with foam, and dashed against the sides of the ship and over the bulwarks, deluging every person and setting afloat every loose thing upon the decks. Borne about by the raging waters, the ship often staggered for a moment upon the crest of a great wave, as if fearful of the plunge she was about to take, but quickly sinking down into the moving chasm, as if she were attempting to dive to the bottom of the sea, until overtaken by another billow, she rose to its crest, though only to be sunk into another and another gulf. Sometimes pressed down upon her side by a more violent gust of wind until her yard-arms dipped into the water, the interposition of a merciful Providence only could save us. But that Providence, which had watched over, and guarded and guided us

through so many perils, did not desert us in this. The blast swept by, the ship slowly arose, and her freight of eighty-eight human beings escaped the threatened destruction.

Restless as the sea birds that still hovered around her, ever in motion, pitching, plunging, lurching and rolling, she was apparently driven about at the mercy of the winds and waves, that almost bade defiance to the men at the wheel, whose utmost skill and exertions could scarce enable them to direct her course.

Captain J. came into the after house during the storm to take a cup of coffee, with his clothes whitened with the snow and his face coated with ice. But he had scarcely been in a minute, when he was hastily sent for by the mate, for the gale had suddenly increased to such a degree of violence, that we were in great danger of being capsized. He went out again, and gave orders to reduce even the small patches of canvass that were still flying. His orders were answered promptly, and the ship lay to again. The storm raged with great fury till near noon, when it began to abate, and we were enabled to carry a little more sail. The wind continued favorable during the remainder of the day, but the snow squalls came on in terrible blasts until late at night.

A week had now elapsed since we passed through the Strait of Le Maire, and so beclouded had the sky been during that time, that Captain J. had had no opportunity to take an observation of the sun, and of course he was in painful uncertainty as to our situation. There was some danger to be apprehended from a cluster of small islands or rocks, called the Diego Ramirez Islands, lying fifty-five miles to the south-west of Cape Horn, and near which we expected to pass. And it behooved us to keep a good lookout for these rocks during the obscurity of the day and the deep darkness of the night.

June 25. The cry of "land ahead" aroused us at an early hour this morning. It proved to be the islands I have just mentioned. The night was so dark that we were close upon the breakers before we were aware of our approach to the islands. Fortunately we had room enough in which to wear ship and escape the danger. We stood away till daylight enabled us to resume our course, when we passed between these islands and Tierra del Fuego.

We have now weathered Cape Horn. During eight days since we passed through the Strait of Le Maire, we have been struggling against head winds, and have at length accomplished a task, which might have been performed with a fair wind in ten or twelve hours. Our impatience has been great, and we feel much relieved on finding ourselves beyond the stormy barrier, and with a fair prospect of soon being safely delivered from this region of storms and darkness. There is another little circumstance that adds to our cheerfulness. From the second day since we left Rio we have not seen a single sail. This afternoon two vessels are in sight, and our company, for want of other subjects, are busily engaged in discussing the questions, "Who are they?" and "Can we come up with them?" and "How soon?"

The sun rose to-day at fifteen minutes past nine, and set at fifteen minutes before three, giving us a day of five and a half hours, and a night eighteen and a half hours long.

June 27. Sunday. Our ship has been the scene of a disgraceful brawl, I may almost say, riot. For many weeks past, a feud has existed between our worthy chaplain, Mr. Johnson, and Miss Julia S. Miss Julia, who is not overburdened with a superabundance of refinement or delicacy, has used some rather coarse language towards Mr. J., which he, perhaps, has not received with that

meekness and forbearance, which would become a minister of the Gospel. This morning when he arose, he saw a dress of Miss Julia's hanging against the stove, where she had placed it to dry, and not being in that amiable frame of mind that would seem to be desirable, he threw the dress upon the floor, where it remained till Miss Julia found it. Her wrath was very bitter, and many hard words passed between her and the reverend chaplain; the temper of both parties increasing in warmth until Mr. J. remarked in the language of Scripture that he would leave Miss Julia to her "wallowing like a sow in the mire," whereupon Miss Julia seized a billet of wood and threw it at the head of the parson, and the parson, in the excitement of the moment, forgetting the injunction to turn the other cheek, returned the compliment by hitting Miss Julia a slap in the face, and pushing her towards the companion-way. By this time the inmates of our room, overhearing the uproar, had assembled at the head of the companion-way, and were on the point of rushing down; but taking a moment to consider, they turned back, and in an instant were engaged among themselves in an altercation upon the demerits of the quarrel, almost as violent as that which was raging below. Captain J. soon joined us, and as his mode of reasoning seldom tends to allay wrath or to settle a dispute, the discussion continued with increased violence, and it was several hours before order was restored. As in former quarrels, a large majority of the passengers were found to advocate the cause of the woman. But whoever was most to blame, Mr. Johnson was the most deeply injured by the quarrel, and his influence and usefulness, which had long been waning, were from this time ended. There are several religious people in the main cabin, who held a prayer-meeting after the quarrel had subsided, but Mr. J. did not attend, nor did he a

tempt to hold any other religious exercises during the day.

June 28. We are now driving along before a fine breeze in the Pacific Ocean, which seems disposed to prove to us on our introduction, that she is entitled to the sobriquet by which she is known. Cape Horn is far behind us, we have given Tierra del Fuego a wide berth, and headed our ship for the north. Our next port, Talcahuana, is only a thousand miles distant,—next to nothing,—and we will be there in a week if this breeze continues. Sherman has captured another porpoise, and we shall have some steaks for breakfast, and some oil for our lamps. The air for two days past has been comparatively mild, I am enabled to spend considerable time on deck, my health is improving, and I am enjoying many pleasing anticipations.

June 29. Our course is parallel to the coast of Patagonia; and though more than seventy-five miles distant from it, we have a distinct view of some majestic ranges of mountains on the large islands, which lie along the coast. Standing as they do in this bleak and dreary land, their sides and summits shrouded in snow, and presenting to the view and the imagination, a picture at once of vast sublimity and of eternal solitude and utter desolation, I can scarcely restrain the feeling of awe that comes over me as I behold them. But what land is that coming suddenly in sight under our lee bow, and nearly in the direction of the ship? All hands are gazing at it, and Captain J., as he sees our proximity to the land, begins to doubt the accuracy of his reckoning. We are all anxious about it, for with the wind in its present direction, we must tack ship or run ashore. Night comes on, the ship is put about, and our dream of a speedy run to Talcahuana is at an end. And these mountains we have been beholding must lie beyond the islands, and it adds not a little to the interest of

the scene to reflect that they can be no other than a portion of the great range of the Andes, and this my first, and will probably be my last view of them.

June 30. It has been our fortune to encounter another storm. The wind blew with great fury, and rolled the waves up to a magnificent height. We had been scudding before it nearly all day, and were fast drifting on a lee shore, with little chance of escape but with a change of wind. Captain J. passed much of his time on deck, and was watchful and anxious. He came into our room at night to warn us of approaching danger. "I tell you what," said he, "I don't want to say nothing to skear you, but if this wind holds till morning, we shall see hard times." Such an announcement from our experienced captain, who had not, during the voyage, uttered a warning so fraught with terror to us, and which betrayed his sense of the imminence of our danger, caused a shade of deep anxiety to pass over the countenances of many of our companions, who could have exclaimed in the language of honest old Gonzalo: "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death." But it was not our destiny to be engulfed in the raging sea, nor to suffer a more horrible death on the bleak and desolate coast of Patagonia. After a few hours of anxious suspense, we perceived a lull in the storm, and this lull was succeeded by a change in the wind, which enabled us to stand on our course again, which we did under all the canvass our ship could carry.

July 2. I have had the pleasure of beholding a novel phenomenon, a lunar rainbow. It occurred at seven o'clock in the evening. The atmosphere was hazy, and the moon shone with a dim luster. Though much fainter than a solar rainbow, and having none of its brilliant hues, it was

still very distinct, and spanned nearly half the arch **of the** heavens.

July 4. Sunday. No religious services to-day, nor **any** celebration of the anniversary of Independence. **Instead** thereof, we have been battling with another heavy **gale**, and driving before it under the foresail, foretop sail, **and** maintop sail, all close reefed. The seas run **very high**, and the ship pitched violently. Standing on the quarter-deck, we could often see the waves over the fore yard **as** the vessel pitched into the trough of a sea.

July 5. Another attempt has been made to induce Captain J. to substitute a more decent bill of fare in place of the disgusting dishes upon which he has starved us during the voyage. As we are approaching Talcahuana, where a supply of such necessaries as we may need can be obtained, it was thought proper to hold a formal meeting for the purpose in the main cabin. A chairman, secretary and a committee to report a bill of fare for the consideration of Captain J., were chosen. Mr. Grant, the chief steward, was called in, who stated that in supplying the table in the after cabin with better food than those in the other parts of the ship, he had acted in compliance with the orders of Captain J., and that the captain had also directed him to reduce the allowance of soft-tack to the passengers. The committee on the bill of fare reported to recommend for dinners, on Monday, beef and rice; on Tuesday, beans and pork; on Wednesday, fish and potatoes, or rice; on Thursday, beef and potatoes and duff; on Friday, beans and pork; on Saturday, fish and potatoes, and on Sunday, beef and duff, with soft-tack and apple-sauce once a day. This report was accepted. The committee immediately waited upon the captain, whom they found in a more amiable mood than they had anticipated, and obtained from him some general promises of

improvement, which gave us a slight degree of encouragement.

It is not a little provoking under all our privations to know that we have on board the bark a sufficient quantity of wholesome food to make us comfortable. In addition to good beef, pork, codfish, beans, potatoes and hard-bread, we have a quantity of flour, sufficient to give us a reasonable supply of soft-tack, besides rice, dried apples, raisins and sugar. We have no reason to complain of the owners of the vessel, but charge our discomforts to the surly brutality of the captain, and the execrable filthiness of the cooks. A portion of our supply of water is impure, having been put into bad casks. But when one of these casks is tapped, however disgusting it may be, we are allowed no other until it is used up.



CHAPTER VIII.

Captain Jackson — A Drifting Spar — Approaching Talcahuana — Washing-day — Landscapes — Harbor of Talcahuana — Pelicans — A visit from Officials — Description of the Town — American Houses — Tremont House — A Dinner.

CAPTAIN J. seems to be actuated by only one object, namely, to make a profitable voyage for his employers, regardless of the rights or comforts of his passengers. And any little concessions he makes to the demands of his passengers,—and these concessions are few and far between,—any little change he makes for the better in our fare, any thing he does to alleviate the discomforts of our voyage, is done with extreme reluctance, and seldom without a dispute or a serious quarrel. Let me finish the picture I have begun of the man. He has the frame of a giant, six feet two inches high. His fist is brawny as the paw of a grizzly bear, and his foot is a terror to shoemakers. He is ungainly in his figure, and awkward and ungraceful in every movement and gesture. He has a coarse, vulgar, morose cast of countenance, is distant and repulsive in his manners, gross and vulgar in his tastes and conversation, and fond of repeating profane and obscene jests and anecdotes. He is exceedingly obstinate, wilful and unyielding, which qualities he mistakes for independence of mind. He boasts of his indifference as to what is said of him, and yet manifests an extreme sensitiveness when he is made the subject of a jest. Notwithstanding his long continued intercourse with the world, he has learned nothing of human nature, and he thinks to govern men by fear and brute force, rather than by reason,

persuasion or kindness. There is nothing conciliating in his disposition, but in all his discussions with his passengers, he talks in a spirit of rude dictation and of defiance. He seldom speaks a kind word to his sailors, and has acquired the hearty hatred of them all. He hates Dana and his "Two years before the Mast," because Dana's sympathies are enlisted on the side of the oppressed seamen, and against tyrannical ship-masters. He hates Edward Kent, our Consul at Rio, for the same reason. He is strongly tintured with those superstitions that characterize the ignorant portion of his class. In politics he is a rabid loco-foco, a blind worshiper of Andrew Jackson, whom he has been taught to call a second Washington. But his chief political knowledge consists in a number of slang phrases and slurs, which he threw out with great liberality in the former part of the voyage, but which were answered in a manner that taught him a little circumspection in the use of his favorite weapons. Such is the man, to whose arbitrary will we are bound to submit during this long voyage. But we believe him to be a cautious and skillful navigator; and if we see in him a total absence of every characteristic of a gentleman, of every qualification requisite to make an agreeable commander of a passenger-ship, we are happy to find some compensation for these defects in his watchfulness and care.

July 6. Approaching the harbor of Talcahuana, we saw a large broken yard with several ropes attached to it, floating within a few rods of the ship. From the fresh appearance of the fracture, I perceived that it had recently been broken. A casual remark dropped by one of the passengers, that some vessel had probably been wrecked in one of the storms we had lately encountered, and the spar was passed and forgotten. But what a history of suffering and despair may there be connected with that

spar! Perhaps it belonged to our acquaintance **at Rio**, the North America. She may have been wrecked **on this** coast, and her five hundred souls have been sunk **in the** waves or dashed on the rocks. In their efforts **to save** themselves, may not some of them have been lashed **to** this very yard? Perhaps, as the vessel went to **pieces**, and one after another was swallowed up, the lives **of** a few may have been prolonged beyond those of their **fel-low** sufferers. And oh! what an hour of horror **must** that have been to them! What thoughts of deep **and** bitter anguish did they send to the homes they had **seen** for the last time, and to the wives, daughters, mothers, **sis-ters** and friends, to whom they had bidden farewell **for-ever!** What ages of intense agony must have been **con-centrated** and endured in the few hours, perhaps **minutes**, those sufferers lay lashed to that spar, and saw, one after another, their companions expire! May not this vessel have been lost in one of the storms that nearly drove us ashore upon the coast of Patagonia? How near may we have been to sharing the same fate with them? And may we not, even now, after having escaped so many dangers, be reserved for the same or a worse doom? Such or similar reflections naturally arise in one's mind at the sight of a floating mast or spar at sea. I have often seen them, but never before one so new, and bearing such certain indications of a recent shipwreck.

We are in a state of excitement consequent on approaching a port after our long voyage, and there is much preparation making for going ashore; washing, which has been but slightly performed during our cold passage, shaving, and cutting hair. Our chests and trunks are overhauled, and clean shirts and the best pants are selected. It is "washing day" too with the women, who have obtained some fresh water for their purpose. Even Mrs. L——t,

who has hitherto manifested a very idle disposition, has gathered up a quantity of her child's garments, and proves that she is not incompetent to perform the duties of the wash-tub, while Captain J. stands like a sentinel over her, engaged in a low, but earnest conversation, attracting the attention, and exciting the remarks of the company, by his ridiculous manifestations of a silly lover's foolish fondness.

The sight of a landscape is always delightful to me, but it is particularly so after having been so long at sea. We have had many views of the coast during our passage from Rio, but they have been only those of naked and barren rocks, desolate shores, and snow-covered mountains. Now we begin again to behold symptoms of vegetable life. The sides of a high hill we have passed, though there is no sign of a human habitation near it, have the appearance of cultivated fields and thick forests. And some of the trees have a shade of light green, reminding us of fields of wheat in Maine, and suggesting many thoughts of home to us. Yonder, as far as the eye can reach, is a point of land rising to the view. And as we approach it, there are seen two beautifully rounded hills. We have examined the chart, and find these hills to be the "Paps of Bio-bio," and Talcahuana lies several miles beyond them. We had hoped to reach that port to-day, but now we find the distance too great to be accomplished by daylight, and as Captain J. has never been there, he will not risk the passage by night. So, despite our impatience, we have no alternative but to sail up to the entrance to the harbor, and lay off and on till morning.

July 7. We entered the harbor of Talcahuana at ten o'clock in the morning, and spent the remainder of the day in beating up to the town against a head wind, a distance of about twenty miles. Our entrance to this port

was signalized by a very interesting event, nothing less than my first sight of that monster bird, the Brown Pelican. (*Pelicanus fuscus.*) A great flock of sea birds were hovering over the water, and centering to one point, probably attracted by some substance on which they were feeding. The passengers watched them with great interest. We sailed very near them before they left the spot, when, to my great gratification, I saw a dozen pelicans, with their immensely long bills and great pouches, rise up and fly away with the flock. Never before had I seen such an unwieldy bird on wings, and it seemed a wonder that it could support such a ponderous body in the air. But though ungainly in their appearance, they flew with considerable velocity, and sustained their great weight and bulk with much ease. Our company were all strangers to the bird, and with one exception none could tell its name.

We dropped anchor within half a mile of the town amidst a fleet of twelve ships and barks, several of which belonged to the United States. We were immediately visited by the captain of the port, who was an Englishman, attended by other officials, Chilians. We also received a call from three other gentlemen, American merchants, formerly from New York, Massachusetts and Ohio. They came on board to solicit business. By invitation from one of them, Captain J. went on shore, and passed the night with him; and the next day he took his *chere amie*, Mrs. L——t, to the same house, where they tarried till we sailed. It was gratifying to meet thus unexpectedly, a number of our own countrymen in this far distant port, and to learn, as we did, that several other Yankees were residents here.

July 8. A number of Chilian boats were along-side in the morning for passengers. We speedily filled them, all

of us eager to land, our curiosity being highly excited in anticipation of the new and strange things we were about to behold in this pretty town, as it appeared to us from the ship. Judge then of my disappointment when on landing I found myself in the most filthy and disgusting village I ever beheld. A row of ill-looking houses, huts and shops stretched along the bay for nearly a mile. Three very narrow, parallel streets ran the length of the village, and were crossed at right angles by other streets still narrower, and all filled with deep mud and filth. A few large warehouses, stores, and dwellings, stood in the front street, but all with a very few exceptions, only one-story high; and in no single instance was there the least pretension to architectural beauty. The houses were generally built in long ranges or blocks, and so low that we could touch the eaves as we passed them. There were also great numbers of little huts made of stakes driven into the ground, interwoven with twigs, and plastered over with mud. A roof thatched with coarse grass completed the dwelling. Many of the better buildings had their roofs covered with coarse tiles. Besides the large warehouses I have mentioned, which all belonged to foreigners, there were many little shops containing a plentiful supply of liquors in bottles, and some articles of dry goods. An open space for a square was left at the back part of the village. To this square the inhabitants retreat for safety in case of earthquakes. It was destitute of trees or any other ornament. There was not, I believe, a single tree in the town; but many clusters and thickets of shrubs grew in the fields and on the hills, and gave a pleasant appearance to the country when viewed at a distance. There were great numbers of houses of entertainment, and from the signs hung out, one might readily judge what nation contributes to their support. At any rate, it is amusing to see an

American in a far distant foreign port, to read in every street such signs as the following: California Hotel, American Hotel, American House, New Bedford House, New York Restaurant, Eagle Hotel, &c. I went into several of them, and found them so excessively filthy, that despite the keenness of my appetite, I could not eat, and made up my mind that I must go back to the dirty bark for my dinner. But in the course of my rambles, I saw several of our ship's company standing at the door of a house of a better description than most of those I had seen. The walls of this house bore the imposing sign, "Tremont House." I could not resist the temptation to go in and inspect the premises. First and foremost was a large bar well stocked with liquors. But as this was not the principal object of my search, I passed on to the dining-room, where I saw a table covered with a clean white cloth. My resolution was formed, and I immediately booked my name for dinner. The hour for dining was two. But before we sit down to the table, allow me to introduce the proprietor of the house, and give you a description of his dining-room and furniture. Our landlord was a Yankee, and had been during many years master of a ship, till he anchored in this port, took a Chilian girl for his wife, and turned Boniface. We dined in a large square room lighted with two windows secured by iron grates, and set in a stone wall nearly three feet thick,—these thick walls and iron grates, as well as the single story in which the houses are built, being a necessary protection against earthquakes. The windows were shaded with cotton curtains, red and white. There were large, coarse, double doors like those of a warehouse, the floor was paved with large tiles, and the uncovered beams were festooned with a profusion of cobwebs. A pile of boxes lay in one corner, a quantity of boxes and barrels surmounted by an X bedstead, loaded

with old saddles, occupied another corner, rude side-tables with more old casks and boxes under them, and a dining table with the clean table-cloth aforesaid, set for twenty-five persons, with the same number of chairs, which had been imported from Yankee Land,—these constituted the furniture of the dining-room of the Tremont House, Talcahuana, Chili. Our company were unanimously of the opinion that this style of furnishing an eating-room was open to criticism; but we were not disposed to be fastidious or captious; and had we been so, the display of the dinner upon the table would have completely done away all disposition for fault finding. Macaroni soup, roast beef, roast wild ducks, corned boiled beef, potatoes, beets, squash, bread, pudding, &c., and wine. With such a bill of fare before us, we quickly lost sight of the surroundings. It was marvelous to witness the disappearance of these luscious viands before twenty half starved mortals. But there was no lack of it, and all were satisfied. The food was of an excellent quality and well cooked. In fact one of our own fellow-passengers expressed a decided preference for this dinner to a ten quart tin pan full of scouse on board the James W. Paige. I made a hearty meal of roast duck, washed down with a copious draught of weak wine, a production of the country. Thus pleasantly terminated my ramble in search of a dinner. And if any thing could overcome my chagrin at being landed in this contemptible place, it would be such a dinner with such an appetite.

CHAPTER IX.

Character of the Inhabitants — Agricultural Implements — Lassoing Cattle — Poncho — A Covered Wagon — Wild Doves — An Earthquake — An Excursion — Dogs, Women, Children, and Shells — A Scotchman and his Wine — An Adventure and the Calaboose — A Chilian Musket Fished Up — An Affecting Incident — Fruit Market — Leave Talcahuana — An Explanation — Theft in the Cooks' Galley — Disinterested Advice — Uneasiness of Mrs. L — t and Capt. J.

HAVE said nothing of the character and appearance of the inhabitants of this town. There are about three thousand of them. On our first landing, I saw standing round the shops, groups of ragged, dirty, copper colored fellows, with a "poncho" over their shoulders, and a conical hat without a brim on their heads. Some were employed in rolling large square bundles of wool from a warehouse to the landing. A few were driving loaded mules and asses, and others were variously employed; but the greater part of them were leaning against the buildings, or walking idly about, as worthless looking a set of vagabonds as could very well be imagined. A very small number of well dressed men were to be seen; but these were mostly foreigners, and the majority of them from the United States. Several women and girls were seated in front of the shops selling apples and cakes. As I passed into the cross streets I saw a great many women seated or standing at their doors, or walking in the streets. Many of them were very filthy, though some were neatly dressed, and were rather pretty. They had dark complexions, fresh, florid cheeks, bright, black eyes, and black, glossy hair hanging down their backs in two braids. They wore nothing on their heads, and I did not see a bonnet in

Talcahuana. They had a smile and a word for all strangers, but their smiles were those of the siren. They were all sunk in the lowest depths of moral degradation and pollution. Such is the general character of the people of this town. There are exceptions, and it is said that the married women are remarkably faithful to their marriage vows.

I took a walk up a hill in the rear of the village in company with several of my fellow-passengers. Saw several men employed in plowing their fields and harrowing in wheat, this being their season for sowing grain, though I saw several fields in which the seed had sprouted and grown up three or four inches. The extreme rudeness of their farming implements surprised me. Their plow was of the most primitive description, being formed of two pieces of wood; the beam being long enough to reach to the yoke to which it was attached, and the other piece forming the handle and point. A pair of small oxen drew it. Their yoke was a straight stick laid across their necks, and fastened to their horns. The man held the single handle of the plow in his right hand and a whip in his left. He broke up the surface of the ground not more than two or three inches deep, and harrowed the seed in with the same plow instead of a harrow. The soil is exceedingly rich, or such cultivation would never produce a crop. The English and Americans have brought their best plows and other agricultural implements here, but they cannot persuade the Chilians to use them.

On going up a steep hill, we saw a Chilian on horseback accompanied by half a dozen dogs in full pursuit of an ox. They passed near us. I saw the rider take his lasso, twirl it several times over his head, and throw it. I witnessed the performance with great interest; but the result disappointed me, and I regretted that in the first instance I

had seen of the throwing of the lasso, it missed its aim. The Chilian gathered up his lasso, threw it a second time, and caught the ox by the horns. The Chilians are fine horsemen, and they seldom ride without a lasso, which they are very expert in using.

I have spoken of the poncho. This is a very important article of dress with the Chilians, and I believe with all the Spanish population of America. It consists simply of a shawl either square or oblong, with a slit in the center, through which the head is thrust, and the poncho hangs loosely over the shoulders. They are made of a great variety of materials and patterns, some plain, and others richly striped, checked, or figured.

On our return to the village we saw a large covered wagon drawn by one horse. This would not have attracted our attention had we not observed that the driver, instead of taking his seat in the carriage, rode another horse, and guided the wagon horse by means of a long bridle. This wagon was run daily to the city of Concepcion and back, and was the only carriage I saw here. It must depend on foreigners for patronage, for I doubt if a Chilian could be persuaded to take a seat in it while he had a horse to ride.

At the door of the Tremont House I saw a man with several strings of a pretty species of little wild doves, about the size of the little ground dove described by Audubon. Our landlord bought them.

No man can visit Chili without encountering an earthquake. At least I never heard of one who did. We had one of them in the night, but unfortunately I was asleep in my berth in the bark, and neither felt nor heard it. In the town the inhabitants left their houses in great haste, and fled to the square. The shock was not very heavy, and no damage was done. This town, and indeed the whole western coast of South America, and North America

as far as California, are subject to frequent earthquakes, some of which have caused immense destruction of lives and property. Talcahuana was destroyed by one of these convulsions in 1835, every building but two having been thrown down. The city of Concepcion, nine miles distant, was also greatly injured.

July 9. I had intended to take a ride to Concepcion, of which Talcahuana is the port, but being told that the roads were very muddy, the country flat and uninteresting, and the city dull and but little superior to Talcahuana in point of elegance, I gave up the visit; and therefore having little to do to-day, I obtained permission of the captain of the port to go gunning. He cautioned me not to discharge my gun in the town, or even to load it here. On leaving the town I passed up a gorge between two steep hills, at the foot of which were a dozen huts filled with Chilians and dogs. A little brook ran through the valley, and several women and girls were employed in washing clothes in it. There was no room for a road, nor any need of one, and the little foot path was all they required in their communication with the village. I climbed the hill, and looked down the gorge. The scene was very pretty, and if I could have fancied a dozen neat cottages in place of these thatched mud huts, it would have been beautifully picturesque.

I passed over several steep hills, and down their sides through thickets of bushes and vines, all new to me; but without procuring any birds but a hawk. I saw several small birds that were strangers to me; but none that pleased me so much as the sight of one of our American robins. It gave a fresh impulse to my thoughts, and sent them at once to my far distant home. I was half disposed to think that I had seen this identical robin in some of my rambles in the fields and woods at home, and that it had flown this

long distance, bearing a message of love from my dear child.

After crossing several hills, I came atlast to one, whose almost perpendicular sides overlooked an extensive marsh, which was bounded on one side by a bay, whose waters rolled up a broad beach of dark brown sand. Immense numbers of sea birds were hovering over this beach, but I could not approach them within gunshot. I passed a considerable number of huts at the foot of the hill. There were seldom less than two or three dogs around them, and sometimes more, besides women and children enough to fill them. The dogs seemed rather vicious, and often attacked me; but I easily drove them off except in one instance, when I was surrounded by three or four larger, and particularly ferocious ones, and had to swing my gun round pretty smartly, and was on the point of discharging it at them, when the women of the house came out and called them off.

I observed many beds of shells scattered over the marsh and beach, and collected several very pretty specimens, but found them too much decayed to be worth bringing away. There was also an abundance of these shells imbedded in the sides of the hills, and from the state of preservation in which they are found, there can be no doubt the convulsion which upheaved these hills must have been of a comparatively recent date.

I returned to the village in season to dine, which I did at the Tremont House. Upwards of twenty of our ship's company sat at the table. We had an excellent bill of fare, and I made a rich meal from a pie made of the little doves I had seen the day before.

After dinner I went to the warehouse of a rich old Scotchman to buy some wine to use as a substitute for tea and coffee during the residue of our voyage. This

is a weak wine, manufactured by himself, and is, as he says, the pure juice of the grape. A connoisseur in wines would not value it very highly, and indeed, it is not much better than old cider; but mixed with water and sugar, I find it rather a pleasant beverage. I bought several gallons at forty cents per gallon. This Scotchman had a peculiar sense of his own dignity, which would not permit him to wait on his customers; and I was amused to see him walk about the room with a very consequential air, while I filled my bottles from his cask. He received my account of the quantity I had drawn without inquiry as to its correctness, and with the greatest indifference.

A part of our company returned to the ship at night, but many of them tarried on shore in the enjoyment of such delights as the town readily supplied. Unfortunately two of the gentlemen having imbibed a larger quantity of *aguardiente* than prudence would seem to have dictated, and oblivious of the distance that separated them from the "land of the free and the home of the brave," indulged in a larger liberty than the regulations of the place permitted, and were rather ignominiously accommodated with lodgings in a calaboose, for which they were charged two dollars each on being liberated in the morning.

One of our men, an Irishman, while fishing from the side of the bark, hooked up rather a queer fish—nothing less than a Chilian musket. It was in a tolerable state of preservation, though rather rusty. He scoured it up, and made a very respectable piece of it.

An affecting incident occurred on shore during our stay here. Stephen Pierce, one of our passengers, had a brother somewhere in the Pacific Ocean for many years; and four years had elapsed since he had heard from him. He was then at Juan Fernandez. It was in part a slight

hope of finding his brother, that induced Mr. Pierce to undertake this voyage. On his arrival at Talcahuana he began to make inquiries for him; and strangely enough the first man to whom he spoke on the subject, was an acquaintance of his brother's, and informed him that his brother had died fourteen months before in this village, and that his widow, who was a Chilian and a native of Talcahuana, whom he had found and married at Juan Fernandez, still lived here. He accompanied Mr. Pierce to the dwelling of the widow, introduced them, and acted as interpreter between them; for she had learned nothing of the English language. She was a very pretty woman of only eighteen years. The meeting was exceedingly affecting. But little time was necessary to satisfy the young widow of the identity of Mr. Pierce as the brother of her deceased husband, when she threw herself upon his neck, and the tears of the bereaved wife and brother were mingled in sorrow and sympathy at this renewed remembrance of their lost relative. She wept long and bitterly. After a long interview, Mr. Pierce took leave. But he repeated his visit to-day, and the widow accompanied him to the grave of his brother. She was deeply moved, for she had loved her husband with a strong affection. Her mother and other relatives manifested the kindest and most affectionate regard for Mr. Pierce, and this last interview, as well as the former, was one of intense interest. After having prolonged his stay to the last moment, he bade adieu to these new found relatives, never in all probability to meet again on earth.

July 10. We were much disappointed in the fruit market in Talcahuana. There was nothing to be obtained but some apples of an inferior quality, tasteless and thick-skinned, and walnuts. I laid in a stock of walnuts, which I found very useful. Had we arrived two months earlier, we would have found a lot of pears, peaches, grapes, &c.

Captain J. having completed taking in his stores, consisting of fresh beef, potatoes, flour, beans, oil, wood and water, weighed anchor at noon, and stood out of the harbor with a light, but fair wind. We were all ready to go, and no one betrayed any impatience at the shortness of our stay, or any wish to prolong the visit. We had seen enough of Talcahuana, and animated with a hope of a speedy and prosperous termination of our voyage, we left the coast of Chili merrily singing:

“Hi—o, and away we go,
Digging up gold in Francisco.”

We had a pleasant sail for several days, and nothing of importance occurred to mar our pleasures until the fourteenth of July, when Mr. Johnson met the passengers in the main cabin for the purpose of explaining his conduct in his quarrels with Julia S. He was heard very attentively in an address, in which he attempted to justify his conduct in every instance. Miss S. replied to him, contradicting some of his statements, and explaining others. Captain J. took part in the discussion, but his remarks were not calculated to restore harmony. Nothing was effected by the meeting, no new facts were elicited or old ones explained, and no change was wrought in any one's opinion.

July 17. I have another unpleasant occurrence to record. A robbery was perpetrated in the cooks' galley last night, and about a hundred cakes of soft-tack stolen. It was reported to Captain J., who came into the after house and threatened to put us on hard-tack again. Many irritating words passed between him and some of the passengers, and he became so exasperated against one of them, that he seized him by the collar. There was great excitement all over the ship. In the height of the quarrel, Stephen Walker called on Captain J. and offered to find the bread

if the captain would send a man with him to make search. The first mate was directed to accompany him, and in a few minutes the bread was found in the forecastle among the sailors, and the excitement was soon quieted. The captain transferred his wrath from the passengers to the sailors, and ordered the cooks not to serve any more soft-tack to them until they should inform against the thief, which they will be in no haste to do. It was a needless theft, for since we left Talcahuana they had a full allowance, that is, two and sometimes three cakes once a day, which is all that is allowed the passengers.

My excellent friends, Captain J. and Mrs. L——t, have volunteered some very disinterested advice on the subject of my journal, and have enlightened me on the difficult question, what is proper, or rather, what is not proper, to record in it. Mrs. L——t thinks that all the little squabbles and disputes we have had, and all the scandal that has been so rife among us, would be improper subjects to record, and would prove uninteresting to the reader. She was desirous to know if my journal was intended for publication, and spoke very earnestly on the impropriety of giving the names of persons. I replied that my journal was nothing more than a letter, a long letter to my daughter, and was written for her amusement; that I did not intend it for publication, though some portions of it, might perhaps be made into articles for the newspapers; that as to what is improper to record in a journal, there was a great difference of opinion, and every one must judge for himself; and that many events of an unpleasant nature were to be found in every book of travels, and they very often proved interesting to the general reader. I remarked that though a great many books of voyages and travels had been published, no one had yet given to the public an account of the pleasures and pains, the comforts and dis-

comforts of a passenger-ship round Cape Horn, and that I thought such an account might be received with favor by the reading public, but that in such an account, the propriety of giving the names of persons would depend on circumstances.

As for Captain J., he didn't care what was said about him; he was independent; but he didn't want the slanders that were going about in the ship to get home to his wife, though he was not afraid but what he could satisfy her about them when he got home. He hoped I would not say any thing about them, and ended with a general threat intended to intimidate me. I made no reply to him, except that I had said nothing of him or Mrs. L——t in my journal, which it would be necessary to expunge or alter.



CHAPTER X.

Religious Services — A Beautiful Bird — Departure of Cape Pigeons and Albatrosses — Stormy Petrels — Amusements — Harmony among the Passengers — Mrs. L——t and her Child — Violence of Captain J.—Our Chaplain turns Poet — Captain J.'s rest disturbed by the Passengers — He threatens to blow them through — Sugar — Petty Annoyances — A Rag Baby — Our Chaplain and his Revolver — Change of Weather — Uncomfortable Condition of the Main Cabin — Theft of Raisins — Ship's Stores — Gross Negligence — Great Waste of Scouse.

JULY 18. Mr. Johnson preached to a very small congregation to-day. The prejudice against him still continues very strong. He continues to justify his quarrel with Julia S., though he is opposed by the unanimous opinion of the passengers, who think that in striking Julia when she threw the stick of wood at him he violated that beautiful precept of Christ, "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." They consider such a quarrel at such a time to be a shameful desecration of the Sabbath, and a disgrace to himself.

There was also a prayer-meeting in the afternoon. Among others, Captain J. gave an exhortation, in the course of which he acknowledged that he had not always performed his duty as a Christian during the voyage, asked pardon of the passengers for any wrongs he had done them, and promised to use his exertions to make them more comfortable during the remainder of the voyage.

July 20. Crossed the Tropic of Capricorn in longitude $85^{\circ} 1'$ west.

July 25. I have been watching a fine bird of a new species—I mean new to me. As it flew round the ship, seeking for a place to alight, I had a pretty good opportunity to examine it. It was about two-thirds as large as the domestic goose, and had a straight, pointed bill. Excepting the feathers of the wings and tail, which were of a dark gray or slate color, every other part of the bird, including the head, neck, back and breast, the upper and under wing coverts, and tail coverts were of a pure glossy white. I have rarely seen so beautiful a bird.

Our very intimate friends, the Cape Pigeons, have suddenly taken leave. There were a considerable number of them around the ship yesterday; to-day not one is left. Will you smile, dear reader, if I tell you that a slight shade of melancholy passes over me at the departure of these pretty birds, which have been our constant and familiar companions during two months, which have followed us from Brazil to Chili, round the stormy Cape, feeding on the little scraps of food we have thrown them, amusing us by their chattering and scrambling for the precious morsels, which they seemed to expect from us.

The albatrosses left us soon after our departure from Talcahuana. My attempts to secure some of them, have as you have seen, been defeated. It has been a vexatious disappointment to me, and my fellow-passengers often express their regret at it, and their contempt for the littleness of Captain Jackson.

The place of the Cape Pigeons is occupied by a little unassuming bird, in which I always feel much interest—a little thing of dull plumage and no pretensions to beauty. I mean the Stormy Petrel. The one we find here differs from those on the coast of the United States, being smaller and of a lighter plumage. It follows us in considerable numbers, and is quite gentle, coming close to

the ship, and betraying very little fear of us. It does not patter the water with its feet, as our petrels do, but it has a singular habit of thrusting out one foot as it flies along, dipping it into the water, and describing a line on the surface sometimes two or three feet long.

July 27. Since leaving Talcahuana our men have found a new amusement for the occupation of their minds, and the exercise of their ingenuity. We took on board some wood from that port, resembling mahogany in color. Out of this wood the passengers have employed themselves in cutting out a variety of articles, such as seals for letters, hollow spools for thread and needles, little boxes, knife handles, heads for canes, and many other things. It is amusing to witness the spirit with which all, young and old, with few exceptions, enter into this business. The decks are covered every day with their whittings, and every stick of wood that can be used, is eagerly seized and appropriated.

July 28. It is often said, that in long voyages, there commonly grows up a feeling of disgust and ill-will among the passengers towards each other, and that they become morose and quarrelsome, the natural consequence of the tedious monotony of the voyage, and the sameness and want of variety on board ship. I cannot say that our voyage thus far verifies the assertion; for though we have had innumerable quarrels, there has been generally a very good state of feeling among the passengers. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the attitude of antagonism in which Captain J. placed himself towards us at the commencement of the voyage, (and in which he has continued ever since,) that may have rendered it necessary as a means of defence, for the passengers to maintain harmony and union among themselves. This necessity seems to increase as we approach the termination of the

voyage, in consequence of the outrageous outbursts of passion, in which the captain indulges on every occasion, and which on every fresh occasion becomes more and more ungovernable. I have spoken of the ascendancy which Mrs. L——t has obtained over him. Her influence has continued to increase, until she has got him entirely under her control. She has a noisy, ill-tempered, mischievous child, about four years old, whom she keeps a great portion of the time in our room in the after house, and who, as well as her mother is exceedingly annoying to us. We have remonstrated with Captain J. against this intrusion, but our remonstrance has only increased the evil, and now, from early morning till bed-time, the two are constant occupants of our cabin. Encouraged by the support she receives from Captain J. she has become very supercilious and insulting. On one occasion I removed her child from our door, where she was doing some mischief, when she began to berate me in very passionate language. But I made no reply to her. This only increased her rage; and she talked still more abusively. Getting vexed myself, I began to whistle. Worse and worse. I remarked that it was growing warm in this room, and she became furious. But having exhausted herself and receiving no reply to her tirade, she soon desisted. But now came the captain's turn. He had lain in his berth and listened to Mrs. L——t's eloquence, and became highly exasperated against me. So leaving his berth, he commenced a furious attack on me, using the most abusive language, and uttering many threats of violence. I replied in such language as I thought the occasion required, and I believe the valorous captain received very little satisfaction.

July 29. Our chaplain has been courting the muses. Attacked with a severe fit of inspiration, he has for some time past been engaged in writing a poem. The subject,

which is well calculated for the display of his poetical genius, is "The Voyage of the James W. Paige." He honored us with a public reading of a portion of the poem on deck this afternoon. It did not receive that applause it merited in the opinion of the author, for his audience were incapable of appreciating the rich beauties of the poem, and could not distinguish Mr. Johnson's poetry from ordinary prose. Much of the poem was made up of commendations of Captain J. and of censures of the owners of the bark.

We had a clear, moonlight night, and several of the passengers, male and female, were on deck till a late hour. There was much noise among them, which disturbed the captain. He went out three times and ordered them off the house. The last time he was in a great passion, and swore that if God spared his life he would blow them through the next time they disobeyed his orders. The noise was stopped, and order, but not peace, restored. The passengers were much to blame, though their disobedience arose from heedlessness rather than from any intentional disrespect to the captain. But this threat to shoot them rankles in their bosoms.

Sherman caught a large porpoise.

July 31. Being prohibited the use of butter, or fat of any sort, or molasses, to eat with our bread, and having but a little apple-sauce doled out to us once a week, I have occasionally dissolved a spoonful of sugar to give a relish to my dry bread, and this morning the mate ordered the steward to remove the sugar-bowl. This order getting to the ears of the ladies, I have been bountifully supplied by them from a cask of very nice sugar in their cabin. This sugar was bought at Rio Janiero by Captain J. for the special benefit of Mrs. L——t. I mention this little fact as a specimen of the petty annoyances to which we

are constantly subjected by the captain and first mate, and of the friendly favors of which I have been the constant recipient from all the ladies, with one exception, during the voyage.

To-day we crossed the equator in about the 108th degree of west longitude.

August 4. A little affair came off this morning, in which the dignity and magnanimity of Captain J. were conspicuously displayed. Loud words were heard in the ladies' cabin at breakfast time between the captain, and Mrs. L——t and Miss Julia S. And what, reader, do you think was the subject of the dispute? *A rag baby!* It appears that Miss Julia had made the baby for a little child of another passenger. It was seen this morning floating astern, and Miss S. supposed that Mrs. L——t's child had thrown it overboard. High words grew out of it. The captain, ever ready, threw himself into the breach between his dear friend and her opponent, and as we sat in our cabin we overheard the voice of this magnanimous commander of the ship raised in loud and angry debate about a rag baby!

Our chaplain, Mr. Johnson, has had the precaution to take one of Colt's revolvers with him. He evidently is opposed to the doctrine of non-resistance, and is not inclined to yield up his life or his purse without a show, at least, of defence. His fellow-passengers, however, have not a very exalted opinion of his personal courage; and the fact that he has struck a woman in a quarrel, tends strongly to increase their doubts. Some little excitement prevails among us in consequence of a report that he has lent his revolver to Captain J., who wants it for the purpose of carrying his threat against his noisy passengers into execution. Mr. Johnson has been questioned about it, but he gives an evasive answer. We have a natural

repugnance to being blown up, and cannot entertain a very friendly regard for the minister of peace, and man of mercy, who shall allow himself to become accessory to such a tragical termination of our adventures.

August 6. We have thus far had a fine run from Talcuhuana. Soon after leaving that port, we struck the south-east trade-winds, and for nearly three weeks we have sailed before an easy breeze, with our studding sails set, and have scarcely altered a sail during the whole time. This has been a season of rest for the sailors, who have had some hard work to perform in the course of the voyage, and whose labors have borne harder on them in consequence of their ignorance of the duties pertaining to a square-rigged vessel. They had all, I was told, with one exception, shipped as ordinary seamen, though some of them had been fraudulently entered as able seamen.

But now we are beginning to find a change of weather and variable winds. The atmosphere has become very hot, and heavy showers of rain are pouring down upon us. There is also considerable thunder, though we have had but few heavy peals. The wind is light and continually veering from point to point. We are apprehensive of being becalmed; and feel not a little impatience and anxiety at every unfavorable change of the weather.

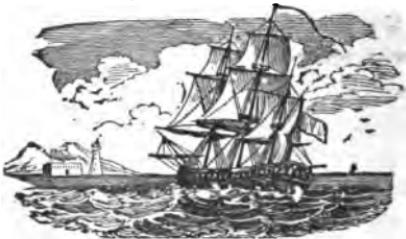
Our ship is uncomfortable enough in any climate or weather with her crowd of passengers; but it is peculiarly so in this Torrid Zone. At the request of an old man, Mr. Carlow, I have been down to take a look at the main cabin. I found the air very hot and oppressive, and I was soon covered with perspiration. Some portions of the room were dark, there being no means of lighting it, but by the hatches and a few little dead-lights in the deck. They were now prohibited the use of the lamps they had made for themselves, because the smoke was

found to annoy Mrs. L——t, into whose state-room a portion of it escaped. The only ventilation which this cabin received, was also through the hatches, and that was obstructed by the houses that were built over them. The floor was damp and dirty, and I was told that it had never been cleansed but by the passengers themselves. An offensive odor filled the room, which was to be expected from the number of the occupants, and the want of ventilation. There were twenty-eight berths in this cabin, occupied by fifty-two passengers. It was impossible for them all to pass the hot nights in such a stifling atmosphere, and the poor old man's eyes moistened as he told me that he was obliged to leave his berth, and pass his nights wherever he could find a place to rest on deck.

August 9. Captain J. has just discovered that a cask and a half, or one hundred and fifty pounds of raisins have been abstracted from the store-room. He has made rigid inquiries, but has not elicited any evidence against the purloiners; nor is there any probability that he will. The excuse for this theft seems to have been, that a cask of raisins had been previously opened for the use of the occupants of the ladies' cabin, and it was thought that justice required a more equal distribution of them among the whole ship's company.

There has been gross negligence in the care of the ship's stores, and great waste and loss of many articles of provisions, which should have been used. A few days since an examination was ordered, and three casks of decayed potatoes, that had been shipped at Frankfort, were discovered and thrown overboard. Many messes, which have been cooked up for the passengers in the course of the voyage, and which they could not eat, however hungry they may have been, have been disposed of in the same manner. How many pans of the richest sort of scouse

the birds and the fishes are indebted to the bark James W. Paige for, it is impossible to tell. Much of the oil has been carelessly wasted, and many a long evening has been passed in the dark for want of it.



CHAPTER XI.

An Arbitrary Prohibition — Card Playing and Checker Playing — Dancing — Treachery of Mr. Johnson — Some Passengers — A Comical Character, and a Pugnacious Character — A Beautiful Bird — Closing the Hatches — A Question of Jurisdiction — The Hatches Re-opened — A Sudden Transformation — Neglected Duties of the Chaplain — His Influence with the Captain.

JHAVE spoken of the amusement the passengers have had in making wooden trinkets from the wood taken on board at Talcahuana. The captain and first mate have been made the recipients of many of these toys; but to-day they have issued an order prohibiting any further manufacture of them. The passengers all remonstrated against the arbitrary order, but were obliged to submit; for the captain has control of the wood.

One of the principal sources of amusement during the voyage has been card playing. It has helped many, who had no other occupation or source of amusement, to pass their time pleasantly; and to others it has proved an agreeable relaxation. Much mischief has doubtless been prevented by it, and many a quarrel avoided. I have not heard of an unpleasant dispute or altercation from card playing since we set sail, though there are seldom less than six or eight companies engaged in it during the pleasant weather. Several packs of cards were included in my outfit, but though I have not, in a single instance, had occasion to use them myself, they have nevertheless, done good service. Captain J. has often threatened to break up this wicked amusement, but I think he has not dared to attempt it. Though very strong in his denunciations of

card playing, there are other games which meet his probation. He has himself made a checker-board, and spends many a leisure moment in playing checkers with Mrs. L——t.

Still another source of amusement with many of the passengers is dancing. We have two fiddlers on board the ship, and are therefore well supplied with the necessary music. There is a space between the two houses covering a few square feet, and another space still smaller between the forward house and the windlass, where a small number of persons can crowd through a figure in a dance, and these spaces have been sometimes used for that purpose. I have attempted to take this kind of exercise, but in such a circumscribed space and such a rolling ball-room, I have found the amusement any thing but amusing.

From what I have already recorded of Mr. Johnson, it will be seen that he has been guilty of some indiscretions (to call them by no harsher name) that are not very creditable to him as a man or a Christian. I have now to state a fact, which proves him to be destitute of common honesty. At his particular request I had lent him several sheets of my journal, in which were some passages reflecting on the conduct of Captain J. and the first mate. These passages, he gave me his word, should not be repeated nor revealed. I heard no more about it for several days and until last night, when the reverend gentleman came deliberately to me, and said, that considering all the circumstances of the case, he felt it his duty, notwithstanding his promise, to repeat those obnoxious passages to the captain and mate. He asked me if I had any objection. I replied that it could answer no good purpose; that he very well knew that the captain had repeatedly threatened me with personal violence, and this would only serve to increase his rage, and, perhaps, furnish him with a pretext

for putting his threats into execution; and that I would not consent to the disclosure. To all my remonstances he only replied that his duty impelled him to the course he was about to pursue, and that his conscience would no longer permit him to remain silent. So he left me to perform his duty and quiet his conscience by breaking his word and violating his promise, and making a revelation, which could answer no other purpose than to make mischief, to increase a personal animosity, which was already bitter enough, to prolong a quarrel which it should have been his duty as a Christian minister to allay, and to stir up strife when he should have endeavored to promote conciliation. "Blessed are the peace-makers."

It will be thought that we have a jumble of strange characters in our company, and so indeed we have. Perhaps I have occupied too much space with the bad portion of them. Perhaps, too, I have attached too much importance to the little scrapes and wrangles, of which I have given so many accounts. One might suppose that I had treasured up every quarrel that has occurred during the voyage, and that I delighted in telling them. But it is not so. I would give a correct impression of the voyage, its pleasures and pains; and the record of a portion of our disputes is necessary to this end. But I have omitted more than I have recorded, and I have related others in the fewest words into which I could condense them.

In addition to the ladies whose names have appeared in the progress of this narrative, is Mrs. A. G. B., who is going to join her husband in Stockton. She is a very quiet, and I believe a religious woman. She passes a great part of her time in her state-room, and keeps entirely aloof from all the bickerings that are of such frequent occurrence in the ladies' cabin. She comes on deck after supper

to take the air. I have occasionally passed an hour very agreeably with her, enjoying a pleasant sunset and twilight, or talking of friends at home. Her daughter Mary is a pretty girl of seventeen, who reads French, and has a variety of accomplishments. Mrs. B. has two sons on board, one a boy, and the other, a married man, whose wife and daughter, a sprightly little girl of three years, accompany him.

One of the passengers in the main cabin is a deaf-mute, Elisha Osgood, a cabinet-maker. He gave our chaplain a mild reproof for his belligerent propensities a few days since. Learning that Mr. J. had a revolver, he proposed to buy it. Mr. J. refused to sell it; whereupon Osgood wrote upon his slate, "You had better sell your revolver, and buy a bible."

Mr. Gardner, the second mate, is a clever fellow, and is endowed with much more intelligence than the first mate, and is more popular with the passengers and crew, though far from being a favorite with the captain.

There is a quiet good-natured fellow among us, by the name of John F. Dolliff, who loves sport, and is a practical joker. He is possessed of kind, humane feelings withal, and I am indebted to him for many a glass of lemonade, given me in the former part of our voyage, at a time when I was suffering the most tormenting thirst from seasickness. Dolliff's voice bears a great resemblance to that of Captain J., which has given rise to some sport among us. He sometimes orders the stewards to trim the lamp in the binnacle, calls out to the man at the wheel to tell him how the ship heads, and gives a variety of orders, which are generally obeyed. One dark night, after the captain had turned in, he put on his—the captain's—coat and hat, and walked out. He called to the mate, asked several questions about the wind and weather, which were all

respectfully answered, and then directed him to reef the top-sails. This order, absurd enough under the circumstances, was not given in nautical style, and while the perplexed mate hesitated, some one who was in the secret laughed, and betrayed the joke.

T. W. Dolliff, a cousin of the above-named, is, or rather was, the most pugnacious man among us, though he exhibited no indications of his pugnacity on board the bark. He was said to be pretty well covered with scars, which he had received in numerous combats. At Talcahuana he fell in with a bully, who was imbued with a great hatred of Yankees, and who challenged any and all who were present to fight him. Dolliff had not had a fight for many months, and was really pining for a little amusement of that sort. This opportunity to indulge in his favorite recreation was too good to be lost, and he readily accepted the challenge. A little space in the room was cleared for the combatants. They took their places, and after a moment's maneuvering, the fellow made a pass at Dolliff, which he parried, and at the same instant he dealt him a blow that laid him sprawling on the floor. The bully got up and prepared for a second encounter, which ended in the same manner. Unwilling to yield, he made a third attempt, and a third time he measured his length upon the floor, when he wisely gave up the contest, acknowledged the superiority of the Yankee, and treated the company.

Within three weeks Dolliff has been attacked with rheumatic pains attended with fever, which have laid him up. He has been removed from the main cabin, where he must have died, had he remained there, and a berth has been provided for him in our room. Every thing that can be, is done to make him comfortable; but our ship is badly supplied with necessaries for the sick. He will, in all probability, have a lingering illness, and he must be taken to a

hospital in San Francisco, California, of which he has a great dread.

August 14. One of our passengers, Mr. Gould, has generously treated us to a rich pound-cake. His wife made it in Bangor. It was put into a tin box and soldered up, and on being opened, was found as fresh and sweet as when first baked.

August 15. No religious services to-day. There are many conjectures as to the cause of this omission of his duty by our chaplain, the most plausible of which is, his consciousness of the strong disgust which his recent treachery, falsehood, and attempt at mischief-making have excited.

We occasionally see a beautiful bird making its flight high above us, but seldom coming near the ship. Its plumage as seen at a distance is pure white, its head resembles that of a dove, its neck slender and delicate, and with a tail composed of two long, pointed, and flowing white feathers, and wings long and slender, it floats through the air with a gracefulness peculiar to itself, and excelling that of any other bird I have seen. This is the Tropic Bird, (*Phæton phœnicurus.*) The long taper tail feathers have given the sailors a hint for a name, and they call it "The Marlin-spike."

August 17. Crossed the Tropic of Cancer in longitude 127° west. The mate signalized the day by closing the hatches over the main cabin. The reason assigned for this act was a quarrel at breakfast between an Irishman and one of the stewards, which disturbed the mate's repose. Much excitement prevailed in consequence of this act, and the fifty men shut up in that "black hole" remonstrated against the injustice of being punished for a little squabble, in which only two of their number were engaged. Finding their arguments were of no avail with

the mate, they carried their case to the captain. To their remonstrances he replied that this case was beyond his control; that he commanded the after-part of the ship, and the mate the forward part; that this hatchway, being in the mate's room, was under his sole command; and that he, the captain, had no more authority to order it to be taken off, than the mate had to command him on the quarter-deck. All this appeared very much like nonsense to our land lubbers, who doubted if the maritime law recognized a division of authority, which seemed to them so utterly absurd and ridiculous. At this point of the discussion, Mr. Tyler, one of the passengers, remarked that he had hitherto kept aloof from all the wrangles we had had, but that he should not remain quiet under this arbitrary act. He assured the captain that if the hatches were not removed, there would be a greater row than we had ever witnessed on board this bark. But neither the captain nor mate would make any concession, and it was determined by the passengers that they should have no sleep as long as the cause of their disquiet remained. There was a prospect of a stormy night between decks, and extensive preparations were made for a musical concert, which would not have been very conducive to slumber, when our brave officers, thinking they would find the contest an unequal one, suddenly and wisely resolved to remove the hatches, the consequence of which was an immediate restoration of peace.

August 22. A sudden and wonderful transformation has been wrought in our chaplain. From being very reserved in his intercourse with the passengers, he has all at once become exceedingly familiar. I have been surprised within two or three days past to see him engaged in high frolics with the men, scuffling, knocking off hats throwing ropes over the men's heads, running and jump

ing like a boy over the houses and decks, and playing a hundred capers and pranks, which have attracted much attention, and excited not a little ridicule throughout the ship. The cause of this sudden change in the good parson is so palpable, that very few do not understand it; and the lost popularity he is so desirous to win back will scarcely be recovered by this means. His duties as our chaplain, which have never been arduous, are now wholly neglected; and well they may be, for very few will listen to him. He began his labors with us after the first two or three stormy weeks, with a prayer once a week, besides a sermon on Sundays. These were well attended, a large majority of our company being present. After a lapse of several weeks, the week-day prayer was omitted. Then the Sunday service was suspended for a time in consequence of his fight with Julia S. He attempted to renew his meetings in the main cabin, but received a hint that his services would not be acceptable to the occupants of that part of the ship. However, when warm weather returned he preached on the house-top, though to very small audiences, until the perpetration of his treachery with me, which has brought such a load of odium upon him, that he has not dared to attempt to preach since. He has proved an artful and dishonest man, and has exercised a pernicious influence over our weak-minded and ignorant captain, and has been his counsellor, adviser and supporter in nearly all the quarrels in which he has been engaged with his passengers. That his influence in this bark is confined to the captain, a single fact will prove. He some time since got up a certificate for signatures, the purport of which was to plaster over Mrs. L——t's conduct. Not a passenger would sign it.

CHAPTER XII.

Head Winds — The Dusky Albatross — Tacking Ship — Fishing for Birds — Amusements of the Mate and Passengers — A Poet — Fair Winds — A Porpoise — A Fight in the Main Cabin — My Journal — Opinions of Mr. Johnson — Meeting in the Main Cabin — Schools of Porpoises — Narrow Escape from Shipwreck — An Act of Charity.

AUGUST 24. Our voyage is becoming prolonged to an excessively wearisome duration. More than a month ago we calculated on arriving at San Francisco in ten days; and with a fair wind we could have performed the voyage in that time. Now, after having trebled it, we seem as far from port as ever. During the last fortnight the winds have been blowing from the north-east, and we have sailed sharp on the wind, in expectation of falling in with the north-west trades, which are said to prevail in these latitudes. But we have not yet found them. We are now about nine hundred miles west of the coast of California, and in a latitude only four degrees north of that of San Francisco. We have not seen a sail for six weeks, and we begin to feel that we are

“Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea.”

And yet, we are not quite alone. A small number of my friends, the birds, still hover around us, and accompany us in our wanderings over the deep, even at this great distance from the land. A few days since an albatross was seen flying near us. I watched it and soon saw that it was the Dusky Albatross, (*Diomedea fusca*), figured by Audubon from a specimen obtained by Dr. Tow

send on the coast of Oregon. It was soon joined by another and another, and to-day, six or eight of them are following us.

We suffer much weariness, lassitude, and drowsiness, consequent on our long voyage and almost total inactivity. One circumstance has operated very favorably for our comfort. After less than a week of the hot weather of which I have spoken, there came a sudden and most agreeable change. The sky became obscured with clouds, and has remained so the greater part of the time since, and the air grew cooler, so much so that our overcoats became necessary, and the passengers, who had been driven from the main cabin, were enabled to return to their berths again.

August 27. Our first inquiry this morning was the same we have often and anxiously made of late, "How does she head?" And the same answer we have received for the last fortnight was given, "Abont north-west." The wind, however, was light, and we were not quite hopeless of a change. An hour or two was passed in watching the signs, for the weather had become very unsteady—when we heard from the captain, who had taken the helm, the order, "Ready, 'bout." The sound was most cheering. We had been standing on one course for a long time without making any approach towards our destined port, but rather going farther from it, and striving the while to gain a position, or rather, a wind, that would carry us in. And this intention of tacking ship was an indication of the captain's opinion, that the favorable moment had arrived. The sailors stationed themselves at the proper ropes, and the mate responded, "All ready, sir." "Hard a-lee!" sung out the captain, as he put down the helm, and brought the ship into the wind, the sails shivering and flapping with considerable violence.

Presently they began to fill on the other side, when he gave the order, "Maintop sail haul," and instantly the ropes rattled through the blocks, and the main sail, maintop sail and maintop-gallant sail swung steadily and at once round the masts to the other side of the ship. Soon the order, "Let go and haul," was given, when the foresails were swung into their proper positions, and we were sailing on our course for San Francisco.

Tacking ship is a beautiful evolution, and it is for that reason that I have described it, using in this instance the necessary nautical terms, though I have generally endeavored to avoid them. It is also a performance requiring some little skill and practice. Our mate on one occasion made three attempts to tack, and failed, and was obliged at last to "wear ship," that is, to turn the ship round with the wind, thereby losing considerable ground. This is considered an unseamanlike maneuver, and it subjected our mate to some ridicule among the sailors.

The indications of a favorable wind did not continue long, and in less than half an hour we were obliged to put about again, and stand on our old course. In this manner it continued for several days, veering from point to point, between north-east and south-west, and forcing us continually to change the course of the ship, while we made very little progress towards port.

The Dusky Albatrosses became very familiar, and Sherman drew one of them on deck, but the captain followed it closely round the ship, and at last ordered it to be thrown overboard.

For the information of those who are not familiar with the science of ornithology, and who may be curious to know how we could draw large birds into the ship with a hook and line without injuring them, I will say, that the upper mandible of many of these birds is recurved or bent down-

wards beyond the lower mandible, forming a hook sufficiently strong to hold the weight of the bird, and the fish-hook catches it by this curved beak as it seizes the bait. The hook does not penetrate the beak, but its sharp point prevents it slipping off so long as the bird holds back.

Our mate amuses himself with drawing coarse caricatures of the passengers; and they in turn retaliate by writing doggerel verses on the mate. This leads me to say that one of our sailors has turned out to be a poet, and if there is any thing in a name that entitles a man to this honor, his claim is certainly good. His name is James Montgomery. His verses, though not quite equal to those by the author of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," are not altogether destitute of poetic merit; and had he an opportunity to cultivate his talent, he would probably learn to write poetry. The mate, unable to write himself, offered Montgomery a dollar to write a lampoon on one of the passengers. But he scorned to do so dirty a job for such a paltry bribe, or for so low a fellow.

September 1. We have at last got a fair wind, and during the whole day sailed directly on our course without tacking. Our spirits begin to revive, and we are not quite hopeless of reaching port.

September 3. Fair winds continue to favor us, and we are within four hundred miles of California. A very few days will, in all probability, find us on terra firma again, when we shall part, many of us to meet no more. I would that these few remaining days might be spent in peace and harmony among us. But fate orders it otherwise. My enemies, the captain and mate, since the treacherous disclosure made by the chaplain, have been growing more and more acrimonious in their hatred, and they seldom omit an opportunity to insult me. An instance occurred this evening. But I forbear.

Sherman caught a porpoise last night, and cooked a portion of it to-day. We ate it rather greedily, and all thought it excellent. Our long voyage, coarse fare, and frequent hunger, have relieved us of many fastidious whims about food, and we have learned to eat and to relish some things, which it would be difficult for us to swallow at home. These porpoises throw out a sort of phosphorescent light, by which they are readily seen in the night. This one was taken at nine o'clock of a cloudy evening.

September 4. A fight occurred at breakfast in the main cabin between an Irishman of fifty-nine, the oldest man in the ship, and an American, not much his junior. The Yankee received a cut on the ear with a case-knife, and he knocked down his antagonist and gave him some severe bruises. Our ship is becoming a miniature pandemonium.

My journal has become a source of much disquietude to Captain J. and Mrs. L——t. It has excited some interest among the passengers, and I have been repeatedly requested to publish an account of the voyage. I refused at first, but after many solicitations I so far yielded as to promise that if I had time to revise my journal after our arrival at San Francisco, I would publish it. A subscription was immediately got up, and one hundred and twenty copies subscribed for. The captain and Mr. Johnson exerted all their influence to prevent the passengers from putting their names to the paper, but they had the mortification to find that their opposition only tended to increase the subscription. Mr. Johnson made himself particularly busy in the matter. He urged me to read my manuscript to the ship's company. Not that he felt any personal interest in it, O, no! But he thought that justice to Captain Jackson, whose character I had assailed, and to the passengers, who knew not what they were subscribing for, required me to read it. I did not.

Hints had been repeatedly given me, that the captain intended to seize the obnoxious manuscript. Consultations had been held upon the subject, and it was stated—and I have no doubt of the fact—that Mr. Johnson had expressed the opinion, that the captain was fully authorized by law to break open my trunk, and seize it. Uncertain as to what these ignorant madmen might be tempted to do, I deposited the journal with a friend in the main cabin, where it remained till I left the ship.

September 5. This is the last Sabbath we expect to spend on board the bark, and as we expect to separate in two or three days, a meeting was held in the main cabin, the object of which was to settle disputes and restore harmony between the officers and passengers.

It proved, however, a failure. Several short addresses were made, one by the captain in a spirit of defiance, and one by Mr. Johnson, defending his career on board the bark; a prayer was offered, and a parting hymn sung, and we broke up with very little change of feeling.

Immense schools of porpoises passed to-day, and Sherman struck and secured one of the largest we have seen. Many of the men have employed themselves in preparing the skin for belts. A whale passed us in the afternoon, coming close along-side the bark. And to keep up the excitement, a sail was discovered on our starboard bow, the only one we have seen for fifty-three days.

September 6. We were aroused this morning at four o'clock by the startling cry of "breakers." Our ship instantly became a scene of confusion, and the passengers rushed on deck from every quarter. I arose at the first cry and went out. And there, within fifteen or twenty rods lay the land, the sea roaring loudly, and breaking in foaming surges on the shore. The helm had been put down, and fortunately the ship came round in season to escape.

A minute's delay would have wrecked us. Or had the ship missed coming in stays, as she has often done during the voyage, nothing could have saved her. There was at the time a thick fog, which accounts for our near approach to the breakers before they were discovered. The sailor on the lookout heard the roaring of the breakers for some time before he discovered them, but attributed it to some other cause; for according to the captain's reckoning we were still far from land. Nothing could be more cheering after our long voyage than to behold the land of our destination, but this sudden introduction to it was any thing but agreeable.

And now having escaped the perils of shipwreck, and hoping to arrive in port to-day, we are closing our voyage with an act of charity to our fellow-passenger, Dolliff, who, though convalescent, is still unable to support himself. A considerable sum is being raised for him.



CHAPTER XIII.

Whales — Sunshine — The Pacific Ocean and Tom Moore — Wormy Bread and Impure Water — A Pilot — Arrival in the Harbor of San Francisco — The City — Dismantled Ships — My last Visit to the Bark — Statement and Counter Statement — Angry Remonstrance — Mr. Spring and his two Journals — Final Adieu to the James W. Paige.

We beat all day to the north against a head wind, and made but slow progress. We strove to wear away the tedium of the day by looking at the land, and watching the birds and the whales, of which last a considerable number were seen near the ship, sometimes three or four together. We saw one of these monstrous animals plunge down into the water, throwing his tail above the surface as he made his plunge, and in a moment after, come up again with such force and rapidity as to carry his ponderous body entirely into the air. Such an immense body, as it came down again into the water, could not fail to produce a great commotion. This act of leaping out of the water seemed to be performed in a similar manner to that of the sturgeon and smaller fish in our rivers and lakes. They frequently came close to the ship, playing by its sides, plunging down on one side, and coming up on the other. Among the birds, were a number I had not seen before, and several Brown Pelicans.

The weather was cold, but after a dark, foggy morning, the sun came out, and the sky continued unclouded during the day. This was very cheering, for we had had scarcely an hour's sunshine during many weeks. What a contrast between the Pacific Ocean as I find it, and the pic-

ture I had formed of it. I had even associated it with unclouded skies and genial warmth, with mild breezes and gently undulating waters. I had dreamed of it as "The Blue Summer Ocean," in which Moore might have found "The Bright Little Isle," of which he so sweetly sings in one of his sweetest songs. And there is many an isle scattered over this great waste of waters, which would almost answer to Moore's description,

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers,"

many a spot, which air, climate, soil, vegetable productions, and beautiful scenery have rendered as perfect elysiums, as nature, unassisted by art, can produce.

But leaving Moore, poetry, sunshine, and every pleasant thought, let us once more come back to the unwholesome realities of the bark. In addition to the many luxuries with which our palates had been regaled during the voyage, we had for several weeks past been feasting on wormy bread—not myself, but my fellow-passengers. My disgust at hard-bread had become so intense, that I could not swallow it, good or bad. I think I must have starved had I been confined to it. But being on good terms with the stewards and cooks, I had found means to obtain an extra allowance of soft-tack, sufficient for my urgent wants. Few of the passengers were so fortunate. One of them, finding no escape from the wormy hard-bread, strove to make a little sport out of it, by declaring that these living vermin had imparted to the bread a peculiar *lively* flavor, which was very palatable.

Then, again, as the supply of water we had taken in at Talcahuana, became exhausted, we were obliged to resort to the old stock from Frankfort. Some of this was so excessively filthy, and had acquired such a nauseous, such a

putrid taste and smell, that several of the passengers who were far from being troubled with weak stomachs, actually vomited on drinking it. Even boiling it, and making tea or coffee with it would not purify it. But we had better water on board, and after many remonstrances and alterations with the captain, we got it.

September 7. We took a pilot on board in the morning. He brought a paper or two, which we read with great interest, and it will be readily believed that we were most eager in our inquiries for news.

Among other objects that attracted our attention as we approached the harbor, was a great sand bank stretching a mile along the coast, and extending a considerable distance inland. It was the largest bed of sand I had ever seen, and was a very fair specimen of a miniature desert. Several large rocks scattered along the coast presented a lively appearance, from the multitude of sea birds that covered them; and one of them attracted our particular notice, being perforated with a hole, sufficiently large, I thought, to admit the passage of a boat through it.

We now ascertained that the place where we so narrowly escaped shipwreck, was near Monterey, about sixty miles south of San Francisco.

We entered the harbor in the afternoon, and anchored about a mile from the city. And thus ended the voyage of the James W. Paige, one hundred and fifty-eight days from the day we set sail from Frankfort.

A large fleet of boats surrounded the ship as soon as we anchored, and I took passage in one of them in company with several others, and after passing through a wilderness of ships, steamers, and dismantled hulks, we landed in the city. Our first business on landing was at the Post-Office, where I was made happy by the reception of a package of letters informing me that all my friends were alive and well.

We then sought a hotel, and, what we least expected in California, the first one we tried was a temperance house, the "United States Temperance House." After tea I took a walk with J. Tyler up Telegraph Hill, whence we had a fine view of the city and harbor. On our return we went into several gambling-saloons. These were large rooms, richly furnished, and supplied with large tables, loaded with heaps of glittering gold and silver, to be staked in the various games, for which each table was appropriated. Hundreds of people crowded into these saloons, many of them with no other motive than mere curiosity, but others with the foolish hope of filling their pockets from those tempting heaps of coins.

A peculiar feature in the harbor of San Francisco at this time, and one that struck me very forcibly on our first approach, was the great number of dismantled ships that lay thickly scattered around it. These ships had a very old, ruinous, antiquated appearance, and at first sight, gave me an impression, that this new-born city had been inhabited for ages, and was now going to ruin. Most of them have their lower masts standing, and supported by a few ropes and chains. A large portion of them had been deserted by their crews on the first outbreak of the gold excitement, and were recklessly left to their destruction, while men and officers rushed blindly and wildly to the mines. These ships have, however, been made subservient to a valuable purpose, having been converted into store-ships by the merchants. Some of them had doors cut in their sides, with short flights of steps from the water. Some were run aground near the shore, and wharfs and streets were built around them, where, with houses erected on them they could scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding stores.

September 8. I went on board the bark for my baggage. The captain, mate, and a large portion of the passengers were ashore. On going into the after house, my eye accidentally caught a letter which was addressed to Captain Jackson, expressing great thankfulness for his kind and gentlemanly treatment of the passengers, and charging the blame of disputes and quarrels to the passengers. It was written by Mr. Johnson and signed by Mr. Spring and several others, who were well aware of its utter falsity. Knowing that it was intended to counteract the numerous statements, which would be made at home prejudicial to Captain Jackson, I seized a pen and wrote a certificate, as near as I can remember, in the following words:

"Bark JAMES W. PAIGE, Sept. 8, 1852.

Whereas, a paper highly laudatory of Captain Jackson has been circulated for signatures on board this bark, a regard for truth impels us to say, that the conduct of Captain Jackson during the voyage just ended has been highly arbitrary, ungentlemanly, insulting and abusive, and that even the female passengers have, in many instances, been subjected to the grossest abuse from him." During the few moments I was engaged in getting signatures to this paper, Mr. Spring, who was standing near, overheard me read it. It gave him great offense, and he remonstrated very strongly with me against the terms in which it was expressed. He said I had virtually charged him and others with falsehood, and urged me to withdraw or modify my statement. I refused to do either; and this good man, with whom I had had the most friendly relations during the voyage, now quivered with passion, while he intimated that a prosecution for libel would be instituted against me. Mr. Spring was liable to the charge of duplicity in signing that paper, so full of flattery and falsehood; and his chief occu-

pation during the voyage was marked by a singularity, to say the least of it, not quite compatible with a strict regard for truth. He had kept a journal of the voyage, and noted the occurrences of each day much more carefully and minutely than I did. He often read passages from his journal to the passengers, and it was well known that his opinion of the captain coincided with that of a large majority of the company. He had been several times chosen on committees to remonstrate with Captain J. on our treatment and fare. But towards the latter part of the voyage it was observed that a friendly understanding had grown up between him and the captain, which gave rise to many conjectures as to the cause. But whatever may have been the cause, the effect of this newly formed friendship was a revision of Mr. Spring's journal, or, more properly speaking, a rejection of it, and the writing of a new one, in which every thing offensive to Captain Jackson, and all occurrences of an unpleasant nature, in which the captain had acted a part, were omitted, and only the more agreeable transactions and events were recorded; in fact, changing the true and unvarnished record of the voyage, which he had made with so much labor, for a smooth and sunny picture, which, though it might not be chargeable with actual falsehood in its details, would, nevertheless, convey to the reader a grossly false impression of the character of Captain Jackson, and the annoyances and vexations attending the voyage. This revision of his journal cost him much time, though not so much as might, on first thought, have been expected. So many occurrences were necessarily omitted, that for every sheet he had at first written, a page now sufficed. His original journal, which I would have given a dollar to possess, he threw overboard. His new one was to be forwarded to a paper in Calais, Me., for publication.

I obtained twenty-five signatures to my paper in a few minutes, and then, gathering up my baggage, I bade a final adieu to the James W. Paige with a regret, which I think was remarkable only for its minuteness.

Our voyage is ended, but not quite our book. Many incidents of an unpleasant nature, which had occurred on the voyage, have been omitted, and the omission has somewhat shortened the book. The following extracts from the continuation of my journal through a long sojourn on the Pacific Coast, are appended as a substitute for the rejected passages.



CALIFORNIA SCENES.

Scenes in Sacramento.

MA Y, 1853. California in early times offered innumerable scenes partaking of the ludicrous and the horrible, and a person in search of either, might have his taste and his curiosity gratified at almost any moment. The Horse Market in Sacramento was the great resort of every imaginable description of characters, and such a scene of uproar and confusion as it presented at a public sale is utterly indescribable. There were some fine sycamores standing there before the Great Fire which destroyed the greater portion of the city. They had been found very useful for suspending thieves and robbers in the days of lynch law. After the fire, the trees were felled, and the stumps afforded excellent stands for the auctioneers. At one of the public sales of horses I saw four auctioneers stationed upon these stumps. The full strength of their lungs was called into exercise, and they were vociferating in their loudest tones, each one striving to outdo the others in noise, and all extolling the various merits of their respective animals with an eloquence peculiar to horse-jockeys, while their assistants, mounted on the horses, were riding around with a speed and a carelessness that threatened death to half the multitude that thronged the streets.

While this scene was enacting, a fight was taking place in a neighboring gambling-house between two combatants who were seen rushing from the house followed by an excited multitude. One of the duelists, bruised and bloody, was retreating from the other, who followed close upon him, dealing repeated blows, which the poor fellow sometimes turned to parry, while hastening to make his escape. The crowd followed on, shouting like demons, and increasing in numbers at every step. "Oh, that is dreadful!" exclaimed a horror-struck young man, who had but recently arrived in California, and had not been initiated in its manners and customs. The throng of excited brutes at length came to a stand; the chase and the battle were ended; the victory was won, and the defeated combatant was taken to a surgeon who seemed to be the only one benefitted by the affray, and who exclaimed in a tone of charming sensibility: "Let them fight to their hearts' content, if they will only employ me to repair their broken heads!"

Scarcely was this affair ended, when a loud shout was heard down the street, and we beheld a stampede of Spanish cattle followed by several herdsmen on horseback, who rushed along with furious speed, swinging their coiled lassos as they went, now striving to turn the drove of wild cattle, and now retreating before them as they pressed forward unchecked by horses or riders; now dashing along side by side with a single ox, whose speed nearly equalled the fleetness of the horse; and now in the midst of the drove, which seemed scarcely to make room for them. However, after much shouting, hallooing, and racing, the cattle were turned back, and the exciting scene was over.

But again another shout, and a team of oxen was seen running away with a wagon in which was seated the teamster. After running a considerable distance, the teamster,

watching a favorable opportunity, leaped nimbly from his wagon, and headed his oxen, who, stopping suddenly, broke the rigging attached to the yoke, and letting the tongue of the wagon fall to the ground, brought oxen and wagon together in a heap.

All this for one hour's sport in one locality in Sacramento. What sort of amusements they were enjoying at the same time in other parts of the city I did not learn.

Cattle Stealing in Contra Costa.

AUGUST 17, 1854. My neighbor, Mr. R., has lost an ox. It was stolen; and a horse stolen also. Another neighbor, Mr. A., has lost three valuable oxen in the same way.

The great facilities for concealing oxen, horses, and other property in the innumerable deeply secluded valleys and hiding-places that occur in every direction in the mountainous country, which, commencing at these Redwoods, extend to the valley of the San Joaquin, offer too many inducements to the numerous idlers and vagabonds that prowl about the land to be visited; and consequently theft, robbery, and I may almost add, murder, are but every day occurrences. No man who owns a horse, an ox or swine, can feel secure of them for a moment when out of sight. These thieves are often associated in large gangs, and consist of both Americans and Mexicans; and so great is the number of their accomplices in some of the villages, that when one of their number is detected, means are immediately furnished him to escape. The very officer

who is commissioned to secure him, is not unfrequently a party concerned in the thefts. Many of the butchers are supposed to be leagued with the thieves, and, by purchasing their stolen property at low prices, they thus share the profits with them.

August 23. Justice has at last overtaken two of the cattle thieves. Suspicion had for some time past rested on some butchers at San Antonio, and they were watched, and detected in the act of slaughtering in the night some cows and oxen that had just been stolen. Messengers were immediately sent many miles around the country to notify the inhabitants to assemble for the trial of the felons. The people of the Redwoods, who had suffered severely from the depredations of the thieves, turned out almost *en masse*. The house of the butchers was the place appointed for the trial. Passing by that place at the time, I had the curiosity to stop for a moment, and was surprised to observe a strange hesitation and faltering among the people assembled. A long discussion ensued as to the proper mode of conducting the trial, which ended in turning the thieves over to the legal authorities. This, under the existing state of things, was nearly equivalent to giving them their liberty; and it was resolved by a number of determined fellows, that they should not so easily escape. They were taken before a justice for examination, and their guilt fully proved. But they asked for an adjournment of the trial till the next day, for the alleged purpose of getting some witnesses, but in fact, to give their friends and associates an opportunity to rescue them. The adjournment was granted, and they were taken to a hotel and put under a guard, of which Andrews, from whom they had stolen the oxen, was the head. In the course of the day, a party proceeded to the house and corral of the thieves, and turned them to the ground

with all their contents. Not an article was appropriated to their own use by these avengers of their own wrongs. It was justice, not plunder, they sought. Valuable saddles, harnesses and furniture, were all sacrificed.

There was a gathering of the friends of the thieves in the night, but they were driven off by the boys from the Redwoods, who had stationed themselves around the house. These men now began to see that they must act, and act promptly too, or the whole business would prove but a farce, and the guilty villains would escape. They therefore dispatched horsemen to the Redwoods to summon the people again to come and assist in the execution of the two principal criminals. Before morning, a sufficient number had arrived to carry out their plans, and they proceeded to action. A number of them went to the house where the prisoners were confined, and in defiance of the proprietor, who was supposed to be confederate with the thieves, they rushed to the room, and seized one of them, whom they hurried away. It was a scene of great confusion and terror. The guard made a show of resistance, but it was only a show. They fired several shots, but were careful to elevate their revolvers above the heads of their assailants; the balls lodged in the ceiling, and nobody was killed or wounded. The affair had doubtless been preconcerted between Andrews and the assailing party. They hastened the guilty thief to an oak a few rods distant, having at the outset fastened a rope to his neck; and scarcely a moment had elapsed ere he was dangling from a branch. They then returned to the house, and seizing another of the thieves, hurried him away as before. The fellow was in an agony of fear and horror, begged most piteously for his life, protested his innocence, and offered to make important disclosures if they would spare him. All this would not have saved him had it not

been discovered by one of the party when they arrived at the tree, that this was not the man they intended to execute. He was therefore led back more dead than alive, having endured far more suffering and horror than his more hardened confederate, whom he saw hanging from the tree, and who had paid the penalty which he so narrowly escaped. The intended victim was then taken to the place of execution, and immediately suspended beside his dead comrade.

While these executions were taking place, many friends of the thieves gathered round, uttering threats and denunciations, but a dozen rifles and revolvers were leveled at them, and they were intimidated into silence.

These executions caused great excitement at the time, and much discussion ensued in the papers respecting them. But the community very generally acquiesced in the necessity of the measure, though every one regretted it. Complaint was made to the grand jury of the county against several of the leaders of the lynching party, but no bill of indictment was found against them for want of evidence. Many of the people of Oakland were highly exasperated at the audacity of the Redwoods boys, and threatened to go and hang them to their own trees. But this served rather to amuse the boys than to frighten them.

A few weeks after these executions, word was brought to the Redwoods that a poor man had been robbed of some oxen in Oakland through the villainy of one of the officials in that city. A company quickly assembled and marched down to the city, determined to have justice done the poor man, and hang the officer if circumstances required it. They had not forgotten the threats of the Oaklanders to hang them, and determined to put their courage to the test. The case was investigated by the mayor of the city, and the mob resolved to await his decision. But much time was occupied in the investigation,

and they grew impatient and clamorous. Meanwhile many of them paraded through the streets, uttering defiance to the citizens. "Here is a target," said a brawny, black-bearded Kentuckian, (the same I had encountered in the Redwoods, and who sold me a vulture,) as he strode along with a rusty rifle on his shoulder, and struck his breast. "Here is a target for the Oakland sharp-shooters. Let 'em try it if they dare." "I'm from the Redwoods," roared out another. "Where is your Oakland company to hang me?" "What are you after?" asked a spectator of one of the boys. "Justice," he replied. "But how are you going to obtain it?" "By the halter, if the money isn't paid pretty soon," he replied with an oath.

The affair was approaching a crisis. The mayor's investigation had been protracted, and the clamors and shouts of the mob often reached his ears, when at last he found it necessary to acknowledge that the proceedings of the officer were illegal, that the city was liable for the value of the cattle, and in order to appease the mob, he pledged his individual word for the payment of the money. The party then returned triumphantly to their homes in the Redwoods, and thus the affair ended.

Felling Trees in the Redwoods.

JANUARY 30, 1854. On an excursion to-day I stopped on the way to see two trees felled. When the reader is told that I had passed more than six months in the Redwoods, and had seen the trees fall around me almost every day, he will suppose that such scenes would lose their novelty for me. It is, however, a scene of no

ordinary sublimity to behold one of those monster trees, nearly as high as the Bunker Hill Monument, fall to the ground, and it is a sight which I never tire of seeing.

I speak of them as being *nearly* as high as the Bunker Hill Monument, because I have seen none of the largest and tallest trees, they having been felled before I arrived here. But a comparison with the monument will serve to give a better idea of their great height than a statement in figures. Imagine then one of them, such as have grown here, and such as are still standing in other forests,—imagine one placed beside the monument, and towering fifty or even seventy-five feet above it, and you will have a conception of the grandeur of these magnificent forests.

The two trees whose fall I was about to witness stood side by side half way up a steep acclivity. One of them had been cut off, and stood leaning against the other.

Two men were at work on the latter tree. I seated myself on a stump at the foot of the hill, and awaited the result. Presently a sharp snap or crackle announced that the tree was about yielding to the efforts of the axe-men, and they stopped and looked up. It stood, however, and they continued to ply their axes. Soon there came another loud crackle, and the two trees began to sway in the direction the axe-men had intended. They now retreated to a secure place, while the trees, moving slowly and majestically at first, but with an accelerated motion, came sweeping down, accompanied with a loud and protracted crash as the fibres of the uncut portion were torn asunder, and striking the ground with a force that made it tremble, and with a noise like the booming report of a heavy cannon. Each tree was broken into several pieces, which came rolling like mighty giants down the hill, tumbling over each other, and strewing the ground with large fragments torn from their sides and ends, while every branch was stripped

from the trunks. They landed at last at the foot of the hill, and within a rod of the stump on which I sat, and sent forward a thick and suffocating cloud of dust, from which I hastened to make my escape.

"Ah! we would go a great many miles in Massachusetts to see such a sight as this;" said one of the axe-men, a young man from that state, "But we can never see any thing like it there."

Solitude.

DECEMBER, 1853. An important change has been in progress for some time past in the Redwoods. Three or four months ago I was surrounded by a deep, dense forest, in which was a busy population at work. But this industry fast swept away the forest, and as the timber grew scarce, they began to remove to other places. They continued to go until our society was reduced to ten men, living in a little cluster of four cabins. But even this colony has taken a sudden resolution to migrate, and this morning the last man went, and I am left alone. So now, nothing remains for me but to go too, which I shall do as soon as I can determine where.

As for a portion of my departed neighbors—brutal, lawless scoundrels—I am heartily glad they are gone. But I had one good friend, whose absence I deeply regret. From the first moment I came into the woods until we shook hands and parted this morning, Mr. Wakefield has stood by me, a kind, benevolent, warm-hearted, steadfast friend. His disinterested kindness, his anxiety for my welfare, and my success in business, his watchfulness of

two or three bitter foes, with whom I have had to contend, and his timely warnings of dangers, have entitled him to my warmest gratitude.

Well, here I am in the depths of a California forest, shut up in a lonely cabin on a winter night, scribbling my diary for the amusement of my daughter, rejoicing in the departure of my foes, and deploreding the absence of my friends. And while I ponder on the perfect solitude that surrounds me, I find myself almost unconsciously repeating from Kirk White:

"It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that makes me moan;
It is that I am all alone."

I had a cat. She has been with me all day; but now, when the society of any domestic animal would be some relief against the tedium of this deep loneliness, even she has left me and instead of the purring of a gentle house cat, I am for a moment startled by the dismal howling of a wild animal outside of my cabin. I am unfortunately possessed of an unsocial disposition; I love solitude, but I have at last found a solitude more profound than I have a taste for.

A Collector of Natural Curiosities.

JULY 30, 1854. In company with a young man in San Francisco, who had been informed of my taste for the odd and curious productions of nature, I visited a man who had made a considerable collection of objects of Natural History. We found him in a small room in a second story, with his boxes and trunks all packed

preparatory to a removal. But on announcing the object of our visit, he seemed much pleased, and though I remonstrated with him against the trouble it would cost him, he proceeded at once to unpack his treasures and spread them before us. But before I speak of them let me describe the man. He was a Norwegian, but having resided several years in the United States, he spoke pretty good English. He was about forty years of age, sprightly and active, with a sparkling eye, and a face covered with a very thick red beard that hung down upon his breast. He was naturally intelligent, though his faculties wanted cultivation. He had never studied Natural History, and did not know a single specimen in his collection by its scientific name. He had passed much time at sea, I do not know in what capacity, but it had afforded him time and opportunity to make a valuable collection.

The first curiosity he exhibited was a family of young mice which he had bottled the day before. Next he produced a bottle containing a little shapeless mass apparently folded up in a bleached tobacco-leaf, and challenged me to tell him the name of it. "A young bat," said I. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "you are the first man that has guessed it." Then he set out bottle after bottle of snakes, some of them very rare and beautiful. These reptiles had the greatest attractions for him, and they composed the largest and most valuable portion of his collection. Then a fine variety of lizards, and a considerable collection of coleopterous insects, among which were some very large and brilliant specimens. Next he produced a Bible, whose pages he had embellished with a variety of butterflies; and lastly, several boxes filled with sea-shells and corals, pieces of crystallized quartz, some specimens of gold in quartz, a copper ball nearly an inch in diameter, which he had found in the mountains, and many other specimens in

mineralogy, which he had collected in the mines. He gave me several shells and crystals, and in return I promised him some bones and feathers of the California Vulture and other birds from my cabinet.

He had one live snake which he intended to bottle after it had shed its skin, which it was about to do. This snake was kept in a wooden box; and, while we were engaged in examining his preserved congeners, finding the door of his prison open, he resolved to take an airing on the balcony. Here he was accidentally discovered by the next door neighbors, who gave our friend timely notice. He immediately gave chase, and found his snakeship ensconced among some boxes and other rubbish. Seizing him by the tail, he brought him in writhing and twisting about his hand and arm, darting out his red forked tongue, flashing fire from his eyes, and betraying a total absence of those blandishments with which an ancestor of his once induced a pretty woman to sin. Some one present asked the man if he was not afraid the snake would bite him "No," he answered, "no snake can bite me." I did not ask him if he was a serpent-charmer, but have been told that he was.

The only ornithological specimens he possessed were the skeleton head and a wing bone of an albatross. He had not learned the art of preserving the skins of birds, and I promised to give him a little instruction if I had time and opportunity. I told him how I had been thwarted in my intention to make a collection in my voyage round Cape Horn by the captain of the ship, and he seemed to struggle for words to express his scorn and contempt for such an ignorant and superstitious ship-master.

His principal collection was in Philadelphia. He had been offered a high price for it, but no amount of money would induce him to sell it.

After a visit of more than two hours, which I engaged to repeat soon, we shook hands and parted. I have seldom seen a man display so much enthusiasm in an occupation which he followed solely for his amusement.

I took occasion some weeks after this, while making another visit at San Francisco, to renew my acquaintance with my Norwegian friend. He had recently received a very fine snake, with which he was highly pleased. I admired his enthusiasm. "O," said he in the course of our conversation, "there is nothing in nature so beautiful as a snake." I remarked that this new specimen was certainly a very handsome one. "O it is splendid, it is most magnificent." We passed an hour very pleasantly together, and parted with much reluctance. I have never seen him since.

A Pair of Rattlesnakes.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1854. My account of the Norwegian snake-collector, naturally recalls a little experience of my own in the same line. A fellow in the Redwoods, near which I was then tarrying, brought me at different times, two splendid rattlesnakes, which I bought and placed in a long box with a glass front, through which I could observe all their motions. It may, perhaps, excite a smile, when I state that by constant familiarity with these reptiles, I had acquired a sort of affection for them, that would have prompted me to defend them from harm, though I never saw one of the species at large, but I made no war upon him, except in one instance in which the snake began the battle, and I fought in self-defense, and

happily won the victory. An Indian enriches himself with the scalp of his defeated enemy, and I know not but I might have followed his example in this instance had it been possible, but in the absence of a scalp-lock I was obliged to content myself with such a trophy, as his other extremity afforded, his rattle.

These two reptiles became my pets, and afforded me much amusement. I do not think that I was "charmed" by that wonderful power which is often attributed to the serpent family. There was no "fascination in their eyes," though we often sat and gazed at each other during several minutes. But I liked to watch their motions, and study their habits; to see them thrust out their long, dark, forked tongues as I approached their prison, or erect their tails and shake their rattles when disturbed. I liked to behold their spotted bodies, flattened as they lay quietly stretched on the floor of their cage, but swollen and distended when aroused by a sense of danger; or to see their fangs as they sometimes opened their mouths, as if in the act of gaping. I was amused with a habit they had of slowly stretching themselves at full length along the box, and then suddenly drawing themselves back again. And most of all, I was amused to see them on a cold morning folded together into a coil, from the center of which their flattened heads protruded, and rested side by side upon their bodies, looking, despite their venomous natures, the very picture of affection and of innocence, and affording a lesson, which many a rational biped might study with profit.

These reptiles never quarreled. Place two foxes in a cage, and they will fight from day to day, until one or the other is killed. Even two birds of many species will destroy each other, when confined together. But here was an instance of perfect harmony. In truth they had noth-

ing to quarrel about. They seemed to have no wants except that of liberty, the love of which they probably possessed in common with every other animal. They could fast without hunger or thirst. I placed fresh meat and water in their cage, but they never tasted of either. I threw several lizards in to them, but they allowed them to run over the cage, and even over their bodies unmolested. Still they do eat, though individuals have been known to live many months and even years without tasting food. White in his *Natural History of Selbourne*, says: "The serpent-kind eat, I believe, but once a year, or, rather, but only just at one season of the year."

But my pets were doomed to a tragical end, which it pains me record. Two old men, who had no fondness for beautiful things in animated nature, nor a taste for any thing else but whiskey and tobacco, got charmingly drunk one day, and being bent on mischief, they broke into my room during my absence, and seized my snakes, took them into the street where they had kindled a fire for the occasion, and with much ceremony and mock solemnity, offered them up to their god, whoever he might be, as a burnt sacrifice. The loss of those snakes was a source of great annoyance and vexation to me, and I earnestly and devoutly prayed that in every fit of delirium-tremens which those old sinners should bring upon themselves during the remainder of their worthless lives, they might be haunted by the ghosts of those murdered innocents.

A Queer Fellow.

APRIL 18, 1860. Mr. Van Wee was one of the queerest compounds of oddity, with whom it was my fortune to meet in my travels. He kept a hotel at Oak Bottom, ten miles from Shasta. Two Irish women, sisters,

were his housekeepers and servants. Many a lively scene was enacted about his establishment; and scarcely a day passed without bringing some extraordinary excitement. One day there was a great uproar in and around the house occasioned by the arrival of a skunk on a visit to the chickens. The dogs barked, the hens cackled, the women screamed, and Van Wee flew round wild with excitement, his gun was brought to him, the intruder chased into the stable and shot, and quiet was restored.

Next day two valuable dogs, very useful for barking at travelers and eating superfluous food, which would otherwise be thrown to the pigs and lost, strayed away or were stolen. A boy and an Irish woman were sent off on horseback after them, and great was the rejoicing in the afternoon on the safe return of dogs, horses, boy and woman.

On the morning of the third day I was surprised to learn that there had been a wedding in the house, and that Mr. Van Wee, in obedience to a sudden impulse had married one of his housekeepers. The wedding had been very private, so much so, that the sister of the bride was not aware that such an event was in contemplation until the hour before its consummation.

This Van Wee, as I have said before, is a queer fellow. He hates the liquor business, but keeps a bar, drinks with all his friends—and they are numerous—and gets mellow every day. He is, or rather was, a Know-Nothing in politics, and hates all foreigners of whatever nation, although his father and mother are Dutch, and his wife is Irish. An infidel in religion, he read me a chapter from Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*. He contributes freely to churches, and is hospitable to clergymen of whatever creed. He receives a great many rudely expressed, but hearty congratulations from his friends, whom he treats, drinks with, swears at, blackguards, and invites to see "the gal," who

receives her friends in the kitchen, while attending to her duties over the stove, with her gown pinned up in true Irish style. His affection for his wife continues unabated, notwithstanding he has been married three days,—this was when I last saw him,—and he betrays it in many acts of coarse kindness; calls her Biddy, ridicules her nation and her religion, damns her priests and feeds them all.

He has sent invitations to all his friends, far and near, men, women and children, to assemble at his house, next week for a grand jollification in commemoration of his wed-ding. Long may he flourish.

A Sandwich Island Woman

AND HER YANKEE HUSBAND.

BEDWOODS, *Contra Costa*, Dec. 16, 1854. I have made acquaintance with a Kanaka woman, the only one I have ever seen. She is known by the name of Hannah, is eighteen years of age, was married five years ago to a Yankee sailor, and left her native island for a home in California. She is short and thick, with a complexion darker than that of our Indians, has a broad nose and wide mouth, her countenance partaking of a mixture of the Indian and the Negro. She is kind and affectionate, lively and excitable, quick and passionate, simple and guileless. Her mind is uncultivated, and she is grossly vulgar and profane in her language, and disgustingly filthy in her person and dress. She is very temperate,

drinking no strong liquors, but smokes cigars. She is honest and trusty, faithful to discharge all debts she may contract, and to fulfil all her engagements. She is a simple-minded child of nature, and I am often amused with her child-like talk.

This morning she was very inquisitive, and made many inquiries about my home and family. I showed her a daguerreotype of my daughter. She examined it with much curiosity and in silence for several minutes, when she broke out in a shower of questions, ejaculations and remarks, which could not but amuse me.

"Dat you little gal? Don to see dranfader? Petty woman, brack hair. Dot a rin on her han. (Ring on her finger.) What you gal name? How old you gal? Very petty. You gal, he no come to Californy? You no want to see you gal? Petty dress." And then she asked me about my father, mother, sister, brothers, and every thing relating to them, until she got a pretty full account of my family.

Hannah is a good rider, and often figures on horseback in a very long blue calico riding-dress, a man's straw hat with a narrow brim, and tied with a string under the chin, and a woolen jacket belonging to her husband. Our circus riders might learn some useful lessons from Hannah's equestrian feats.

Mr. Joseph Tracy, or as he is more familiarly called, Kanaka Joe, is a sailor from Maine, has seen much of the world, was on board the Princeton steamship at the time of the explosion of the great gun, by which several gentlemen of John Tyler's cabinet were killed, and has spent considerable time in the Sandwich Islands, whither he intends to return after he shall have made his fortune in California. Joe is a still, quiet, peaceable fellow, though quick to resent an insult, and can fight beautifully when

necessary. He has a sailor's high notions of honor and a sailor's deep passion for drink. He is fond of reading withal, has quite a taste for the yellow-covered literature, talks learnedly of books, and often philosophizes very wisely, and has no mean opinion of his own literary taste and scientific attainments. Joe is very fond of his Kana-ka wife, though he flogs her occasionally in the heat of passion, repenting of it immediately after. As Joe's improvident habits are not conducive to a rapid accumulation of riches, the time of his return to his island-home may be considered somewhat uncertain.

A Party.

JANUARY, 1855. Señor Moraga was one of those land owners, whose domains, over which immense droves of wild cattle roamed, extended over many a league of rich land, until the advent of the Americans, who lawlessly despoiled them of large numbers of their cattle, and who introduced many expensive habits among them, which they were but two ready to adopt; when necessity compelled them to part with large tracts of their lands to the greedy foreigners, and their estates dwindled down to insignificant ranches. Señor Moraga, though shorn of many thousand acres, had still a large and exceedingly valuable estate remaining.

I received an invitation to attend a party at his house on New Year's eve, 1855. I set out on foot in the evening, which was lighted up by a moon approaching the full, that often breaking forth from masses of dark clouds, which had been pouring down a plentiful supply of rain during the day, enabled me to follow a trail that led up the valley

and over the mountain ridge, on the opposite side of which stood Moraga's residence. It was a fine evening, and I—I scarcely knew why—was in a mood to enjoy it. It may have been the breaking up of the storm and the appearance of the clouds and the sky, which resembled more nearly the moonlight views we have in New England than any thing I had beheld for many a long month; or it may have been the pleasing anticipation of the novelties I was about to witness and enjoy during the evening, though what they were I had not been informed and could hardly imagine. But whatever may have been the cause, my spirits were buoyant, and my thoughts busy and pleasant.

I arrived at Moraga's at an early hour. His house overlooked a beautiful valley, and commanded a fine view of the hills beyond. It was built of adobes, and the walls were several feet thick. A broad piazza extended along the front, affording a pleasant shade in summer. I entered by a broad door-way, a capacious room well finished, and handsomely papered and painted. There was neither stove nor fire-place in it, nor any furniture, with the exception of chairs and a small time-piece. In this room the gentlemen were assembled, and this was the hall in which we were to pass the evening. In a smaller room on the left, I saw two neat-looking beds, one of which was furnished with handsome figured, white muslin curtains. There were also chairs, tables, and a looking-glass in the room. This room I observed was occupied by the family, and the lady guests. The only other room I saw was that in which we took supper, and was like the rest, finished in a style of considerable neatness.

And now for the company. First comes Señor Moraga, the father of our host and owner of the estate, an old man of seventy, short, thick, corpulent and coarse-featured, but sprightly, active and polite. Then his sons, José and

Francisco, between thirty and forty years of age, swarthy men with very good features, black hair, whiskers and mustaches. They were very gentlemanly in their deportment. There were several Mexicans, some of whom were tolerably polished in their manners, and others as uncouth as the Indians with whom they associated. But the greater part of the company consisted of Americans, rough men from the Redwoods, who, however, deported themselves with a considerable degree of propriety.

Next come the ladies, who, by all the laws of gallantry, should have been mentioned first. And foremost among them was Dofia Maria, our hostess, and the lady of José Moraga. She was a large, corpulent woman with a fairer complexion and better features than most Mexican women I had seen, and she was said to be of pure Castilian blood. Her black, glossy hair was arranged in the usual Spanish style, in two braids that hung down her back. She was dressed in a black silk that fitted well her capacious person. She had several daughters, whose personal attractions I cannot extol, but who were very pretty dancers. There were two old women, very ugly, whose names I did not learn. I observed a considerable number of Indian women in the house, and there was no lack of papoosees among them. I was pleased with the little imps, and they did not reject my overtures for a frolic occasionally, and were not disinclined to be on familiar terms with me. They constituted, indeed, a very amusing part of the evening's entertainment.

Two musicians had been employed for the occasion. Their instruments were a violin and a guitar. Dancing was the principal amusement.

The ladies entered the room and seated themselves without ceremony, the musicians struck up a lively tune, and one of the gentlemen arose and waved his handker-

chief towards a lady, whereupon she arose and moved moderately over the floor, and while her feet, hid by her long dress, drummed out almost every note of the music, her body seemed to glide along without any apparent exertion, neither rising nor falling, as if she were carried along by invisible machinery, or was floating over the floor without touching it. While she was thus moving along in this peculiar dance, one of the gentlemen seized his neighbor's hat—all the gentlemen wore their hats except when dancing—and placed it on the young lady's head. She still continued to dance without appearing to pay the slightest attention to this apparently uncivil act. She soon, however, took her seat and displaced the hat, holding it in her hand. Another and another of the ladies were called, or rather motioned up, who each performed the same dance, and each was similarly crowned with a hat or a handkerchief, and sometimes with several of each. Doña Maria was also called to the floor. She executed the dance with superior grace, and with greater success than the girls in collecting hats and handkerchiefs. All this was carried on with great merriment on the part of the young fellows, but with the greatest apparent gravity and seriousness on that of the ladies. I was at a loss to know the meaning of this strange performance, or if it had any meaning at all, until my own *sombrero* was suddenly snatched from my head, and placed on that of a young señorita. I was then informed that each article thus seized and appropriated must be redeemed by a payment in money to the fair one on whom it had been bestowed, and that half a dollar was the sum agreed on by general assent. In this way, considerable sums of money are sometimes gathered by the ladies from a company of liberal young men, who enjoy the sport of thus victimizing each other. This amusement was called up repeatedly in

the course of the evening, and some of the young men paid a pretty handsome tax for the sport. I saw Doña Maria at one time with three hats crowded on her head, and at least half a dozen handkerchiefs on her shoulders. Besides the tax thus collected, an assessment of two dollars each was levied on us to pay for the music.

Besides the singular dance I have just described we had cotillions and waltzes. In the first, the fat Doña Maria was the most graceful dancer, but in the waltzes—Doña Maria did not waltz—several of the girls performed very prettily. But foremost among them was Francisco's daughter, Juana, and another young lady whose name I did not learn, who waltzed with much ease and grace, and who prided themselves on tiring out, not only the other dancers, but even the musicians. My head grew giddy as I sat and saw those two girls twirling about the room.

Supper was ready at an early hour. My friend, Francisco, did me the unexpected honor to lead me in and seat me at the head of the first table. Doña Maria sat at the opposite extremity of the table, and the other ladies, numbering from sixteen to twenty, occupied the sides. Myself was the only male. Our supper consisted of soup, baked meats, boiled chickens and bread, with wine in glass tumblers instead of tea or coffee. We were waited upon by our host, José, assisted by another gentleman. There was but little conversation among us, but we got along very pleasantly. I proposed a glass of wine with Doña Maria by signs, which she readily understood, and she drank her glass with much grace. Perceiving José to be rather inexpert at carving chickens, I offered my services, which he accepted. We afterwards drank a glass of wine together, and thus ended the ceremony of supper. The table was soon cleared and rearranged for another set of occupants.

Dancing was kept up pretty constantly. I did not join in it, but was for the most part a silent spectator. I found myself frequently, in the course of the evening, seated by the side of our hostess, who was disposed to make herself agreeable, and would, I doubt not, really have been so, had she understood my language, or I hers. As it was, I contrived to ask her a few questions, and found her quick to comprehend my signs. I inquired about her children, knowing that to be the subject, of all others, the most interesting to a mother. She pointed to those who were dancing, and to several that were seated. I asked her how many she had, and she held up her five fingers of one hand, and three of the other. "Ocho," said I. "Si, Señor, ocho," she replied with a smile, amused, perhaps, that I had learned one word of Spanish.

Francisco, also, with not a little pride, directed my attention to his daughters, who were dancing so merrily; and I could only express my admiration of them by exclaiming, "*bueno; bueno!*"

Thus pleasantly passed the evening until eleven o'clock, when giving my friendly entertainers a cordial shake of the hands, I bade them *á Dios*, and wended my way back again over the mountains to my lodgings. The company continued dancing till morning.

I have been thus particular in giving the details of this party, believing that whatever is peculiar in the manners and customs of any people may be interesting, and perhaps, not wholly useless to know. And having been myself much interested in the amusements of the evening, I cannot but hope that the reader will find something to please him in this account of them.

Indians and Their Costumes.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1856. There was a company of Indians encamped in the vicinity of Oroville, for the purpose of gathering their harvest of acorns, which grew in great abundance there. They passed my temporary home every morning, men, boys, and women, furnished with sacks made of netting, carried by the men, and conical baskets for the women, and with a pole eight or ten feet long, with which to beat off the acorns. The pole had a short stick fastened to the butt end with strings, by means of which they suspended it to the limb of a tree when they ascended the trunk. The acorn is one of their most valuable articles of food, and they gather large quantities of them.

These Indians were more scantily clad than any I had ever seen, many of them having only a shirt, sometimes but a very ragged one; and in one instance I saw a tall brawny Indian, who was entirely destitute of even this scanty covering.

One day a woman with pretty good features, the wife of the chief, came to our house in company with other Indians. A large portion of her face was besmeared with pitch, and the locks over her forehead were matted with the same substance. I enquired the reason of this disfigurement, and was told that it was the Indian's badge of mourning, and that she had probably lost a relative. A few days after this call, she came again accompanied by her husband, the chief, who was superior in intelligence, as well as in rank, to his companions. He spoke a little English. The squaw had renewed the coat of pitch, and looked more hideously than before. I could see, however, in spite of the pitch, that she was a pretty woman, and in

spite of the scantiness of her covering, that she was modest. Some remarks were made by one of the company present, in allusion to her besmeared face. Her husband understood them, and explained the custom in a word or two. "Indian's way," said he. "Lost little boy," pointing to his wife. We all understood him, and the eyes of the poor squaw moistened as she comprehended the subject of our conversation. The Indians are not destitute of natural affection.

Few hearts can witness unmoved the tears of a woman, though she be a wild and filthy Indian; and the feelings of this poor untutored savage were respected by our company, who refrained from any further allusion to the subject that brought painful recollections to her mind.

March 3, 1857. During a long walk to-day, I stopped to sketch some singular hills, consisting of two, and sometimes of three, plateaus or terraces, each terrace being supported by a layer of rock, resting on a stratum of clay, or soft sandstone, which, in many places was worn out a foot or two beneath the rock, and making a distinct dark line in the landscape.

Before sketching one of these hills, I ascended it and clambered up the rock, which varied from six to eight feet in height. Here, among some bushes, I saw a smoke arising, and on one of the shrubs hung an Indian's cap and his lance. I approached the spot, and suddenly found myself in the presence of a large, fat squaw, who lay basking in the sunshine, clad in the habiliments which nature had given her, with the addition of a very slight substitute, for that leafy garment which was once the fashion at a very remote period in the world's history. Two little dusky cherubs sat near her, and the partner of her joys and sorrows lay on the ground at a little distance, enjoying a comfortable *siesta*. It was a charming picture of contented

indolence, and I have seen more than one lazy white man, who would have coveted their enjoyment.

I attempted to enter into conversation with the lady, and asked her if she had some baskets to sell. She made no reply, but, with becoming modesty, though with no affectation of haste, took up her blanket that lay near her, and half veiled her charms from my admiring gaze. Finding her disinclined to talk, I left her, descended the hill, made my sketch, and continued my walk.

March 6, 1875. With an Indian for a guide, I visited a fine water-fall in a solitary place among the mountains. On our return, my guide conducted me to a rancherie, consisting of half a dozen wigwams. As we approached them, the dogs barked, the children screamed, the old women drew on their blankets, and the naked girls retreated behind the cabins. An old man and an old woman sat quietly on their haunches, and a young man lay sick and squalid on the ground beside a bed of embers that were kept alive at his head. My guide sat down beside them without any ceremony, and they all preserved a profound silence during several minutes, as if they were offering up a silent prayer to the Great Spirit for the recovery of the invalid. At the end of this ceremony, they became talkative, the young man ate the remains of a lunch I had brought with me, and the old man begged two bits, (for these Indians, like all others, are inveterate beggars) when we proceeded on our journey.



The Yosemite Fall.

MAY 29, 1859. A rude dug-out having been brought up the river, I crossed over in it, and walked to the foot of the fall. A dense spray prevents a near approach to the fall, which comes down in a perpendicular descent, until within a hundred feet of the bottom, when it strikes a projecting rock, and dashes off in a shower of spray. I speak of the lower fall only, for the cataract is divided into three portions, the upper portion coming down perpendicularly; the middle portion being a wild rapid, in a deep, dark, and fearful canyon, in which the stream falls four hundred feet, and then drops down six hundred feet further to the base of the great wall, making an aggregate of more than half a mile.

The view upward from the foot of the fall is particularly impressive. The middle fall of four hundred feet, is entirely hid from the sight, and such is the immense height of the whole, that the space occupied by this middle fall seems dwindled to a few feet, and the spectator can scarcely realize that such a fall does, indeed, exist. But the view of the fall from this near approach is more than impressive, it is sublime; and the spectator finds himself overwhelmed with a feeling of intense awe, as he looks upward and beholds the foaming, roaring water pouring down, as it were, from the very depths of heaven,

"So wild and furious in its sparkling fall,
Dashing its torrents down, and dazzling all;
Sublimely breaking from its glorious height,
Majestic, thundering, beautiful and bright."

I have alluded to the influence of the wind upon the upper portion of the fall. It often reminds me of the writhings of an immense serpent, when two or three opposing

currents of air are blowing it from side to side. Sometimes a blast of wind sways it wholly out of its accustomed course, with the exception of a few hundred feet of its uppermost portion, and lays bare nearly the whole surface of the rock which it covers in its undisturbed descent, but hiding for a minute another portion. Now large clouds of spray are thrown out from one side, and then from the other, still forever falling; now the whole fall is spread out to twice, or thrice, its usual width, and the next moment, as the wind subsides, it becomes straightened and narrowed to its usual proportions. These continued changes add exceedingly to the beauty, and even grandeur, of the fall, and one never wearies of beholding it as it pours, crashing and roaring, down its enormous wall of rock.

“ Roar, roar, thou waterfall! lift up thy voice
Even to the clouded regions of the skies:
Thy brightness and thy beauty may rejoice,
Thy music charms the ears, thy light the eyes,
Joy-giving torrent! sweetest memory
Receives a freshness, and a strength from thee.”

The Domes.

THE rounded summits of many of the mountains of the Yosemite Valley, which gives them a dome-like appearance, constitutes one of its peculiarities. The North and South Domes have been often described and painted. Situated on opposite sides of the lower Valley at its eastern extremity, and forming portions of its two great walls, they are not the least of its most prominent objects. Indeed, the South Dome is the highest point around the Valley, and rises to an altitude of nearly five thousand feet above the plain.

A tremendous disruption of this mountain is apparent on its western face, where it has been cleft from its summit, perpendicularly down to a depth of two thousand feet, and the western portion thrown off and hurled down the mountain, at whose base it lies in fragments, a huge heap, a mountain of itself.

What a sublime, a terrifying spectacle would here have presented itself to a spectator standing on the North Dome and looking across the Valley, to behold a part of the mountain before him two thousand feet in depth, starting from its foundation, breaking away from the firmer portion, and falling, rolling, grinding, crashing, down the mountain side, with the roar and shaking of a terrible earthquake, and dashing into millions of fragments, until it reached the plain, three thousand feet below its starting point. I can imagine what overwhelming emotions would seize him as he beheld the mountain falling, and in dread and horror thinking the end of the world was approaching, and that the mountain on which he stood might fall next.

This is a region of wonders. They meet us at every step. The Valley itself is a vast aggregate of wonders. There was a time when it was elevated to a level with the walls that now surround it, when the Merced flowed along at a height of two or three thousand feet above its present bed, and before the Yosemite and all these falls were created.

It is an interesting question, How came the Valley lowered to its present depth? Without a very deep investigation of the subject, I have formed an opinion in opposition to that of many persons, who attribute it to an earthquake; that at some remote period a deluge occurred here, and that the Valley was formed by the torrents that swept through it, carrying away the earth, and leaving the bare walls in their present wild desolation, with the newly created cataracts pouring down their sides.

Farewell to the Yosemite.

JUNE 30, 1859. Early in the morning and before breakfast, Camerer,—a German friend,—and I, were on our way. As we went down the beautiful Valley, we often stopped to gaze at the stupendous scenes we were about to leave; and never before had they looked so grand, and glorious. Lingering, loitering, talking, and discussing the several points of interest, time passed rapidly, and the sunbeams soon began to gild the summits of the mountains, the lofty rock of Tutocanula catching his first rays. A hundred birds strained their little throats and poured out their sweetest strains of melody, as if to bid us farewell, and cheer us on our way.

As the scenes with which we had been so long familiar, now passed again in review before us; the Yosemite, the Sentinel, the Cathedral Rocks, Tutocanula, the Bridal Veil; each claimed for the hundredth, and last time, our attention and admiration. "O," exclaimed my German friend, when the necessity of hastening our journey occurred to us, "O, it is very hard to get out of this Valley."

We at length arrived at the end of the plain, and began to ascend the mountain. Half way up the height we came to a spot from which we had so fine a view, that we resolved to stop and sketch it. This was a general view of the Valley, and its surrounding walls, and of course, it was my last sketch. Having accomplished this task, we hastened forward, scarcely looking around us, until we reached an elevation whence we were about to take our last look. But we had loitered too long by the way, and had little time to spare. Stopping, therefore, but for a minute, and filled with emotions such as Adam and Eve may be supposed to have felt when,

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way,"

we cast one sad look at the scene behind us, and bade a sorrowful and final adieu to the wonderful Yosemite Valley.

The California Vulture.

FEBRUARY 9, 1854. In a walk some days since through the Redwoods, I encountered an old man by the side of the road engaged in making shingles. He was a very coarse-looking fellow with a dark complexion and a black, bushy beard, that more than half covered his face, giving an additional grimness to his rough, harsh features. He was an old Kentucky rifleman, and, as I learned to-day, a first-rate marksman. He had shot a Vulture some time before, and it was lying near his cabin, half decayed. Some quills were scattered over the ground, and I picked up two or three of them, when he ordered me in the rudest manner to leave them. I then offered to buy some of them, but he would neither sell nor give them away. He wanted them for himself.

While I stood there another man joined us, and asked the name of the bird. "A Turkey Buzzard," said the old man. I disputed him, and endeavored to point out the difference between this bird and the Turkey Buzzard. But he would not be convinced. He had seen thousands of them in Kentucky, though he admitted they were smaller there than here. I replied that he might with equal propriety say that a Raven was a large Crow, or a Crow a large Blackbird. But he did not admit the analogy of the two cases, and the bird *was* a Turkey Buzzard and nothing more. So I left him in the enjoyment of his own opinion.

To-day I passed his cabin again, and he accosted me with considerable civility. A sort of grim smile played over his harsh features, his manners were wonderfully softened, and the gruff old savage seemed to have been suddenly transformed into a half civilized being. He had shot two Vultures yesterday, though one of them, which he had only wing-tipped, and tied to a stake, had escaped. He was willing to sell me the remaining bird, and the payment of five bits made me its owner.

On further conversation with him, I found that he possessed a taste for birds and other natural curiosities, and had some preparations for preserving specimens. He showed me some birds and a horned toad which he had preserved.

I skinned my bird, and left it with the Kentuckian, while I continued my walk. But this walk furnished me with nothing further to record except a word or two concerning the habits of these same Vultures. I saw six or eight of them perched on trees, sitting in perfect idleness and scarcely moving. I believe Audubon says that they are very shy and difficult to approach. But Audubon had never seen one. A man was cutting up a fallen tree near one of the birds, but without disturbing him. Another one sat on a branch of a low tree, which I approached. When I arrived within less than gunshot distance, he half spread his wings and stood up, as if preparing to fly. But after a minute's hesitation he folded his pinions again, and seemed to have come to the conclusion that there was no danger from a man with only a stick in his hand. As I continued to approach the tree on which he stood, he thrust his head down below his body, and turned it about most whimsically, while he kept his keen eye fastened on me as though he were quizzing me; but still he showed no disposition to fly. I now began to shout at him, and to

swing my cap, and i' faith, it seemed as if my noise and gesticulations served rather to amuse than to frighten him. Then I threw my cane up in the air towards him, but he only gave his head an extra cant, and continued peering at me with such an impudent, derisive, no-ye-don't sort of a look, that I almost expected to see him raise his thumb to his nose, and shake his fingers at me. Finding him thus firmly resolved not to be driven from his position, I left him, fully believing that if a man wishes to hunt California Vultures, their shyness will be no obstacle to his success.

On returning, I called for the skin of my bird which measured nine feet four inches from tip to tip of the wings, and three feet eleven inches in length.

My Skill at Rifle Shooting.

MARCH 29, 1854. I went out to try my skill at rifle shooting. Saw a pair of Vultures in a tree on the heights in front of my house. I clambered up the hill and approached within a short distance of the birds, but the trunk of the tree, on the branches of which they stood, hid them from my view, and I made a short circuit, and crept behind a tree that brought me still nearer the Vultures. I now had one of them in full view, and was in a fair way to have him in my possession. I cocked my rifle for the fatal shot, brought it up to my face, and closed my left optic, preparatory to the death-dealing aim, when the foolish bird, as if he were actuated by a spirit of reckless daring, bravado and defiance, sidled out on the branch that held him, stood erect with his breast square before me, half expanded his broad wings, while he

cast a glance of his keen eyes upon me, and seemed to say, "Here is your mark; now try your skill." I did so. The report of my rifle reverberated over the hills; the ball sped —I knew not whither—and the birds left their perch with a precipitancy, and flew away with a haste I have seldom witnessed. The smoke of the powder had scarcely cleared away ere they were seen performing their gyrations over a neighboring mountain. I made my way speedily down the hill, and — sold my rifle.

Incident at a Camp-Meeting.

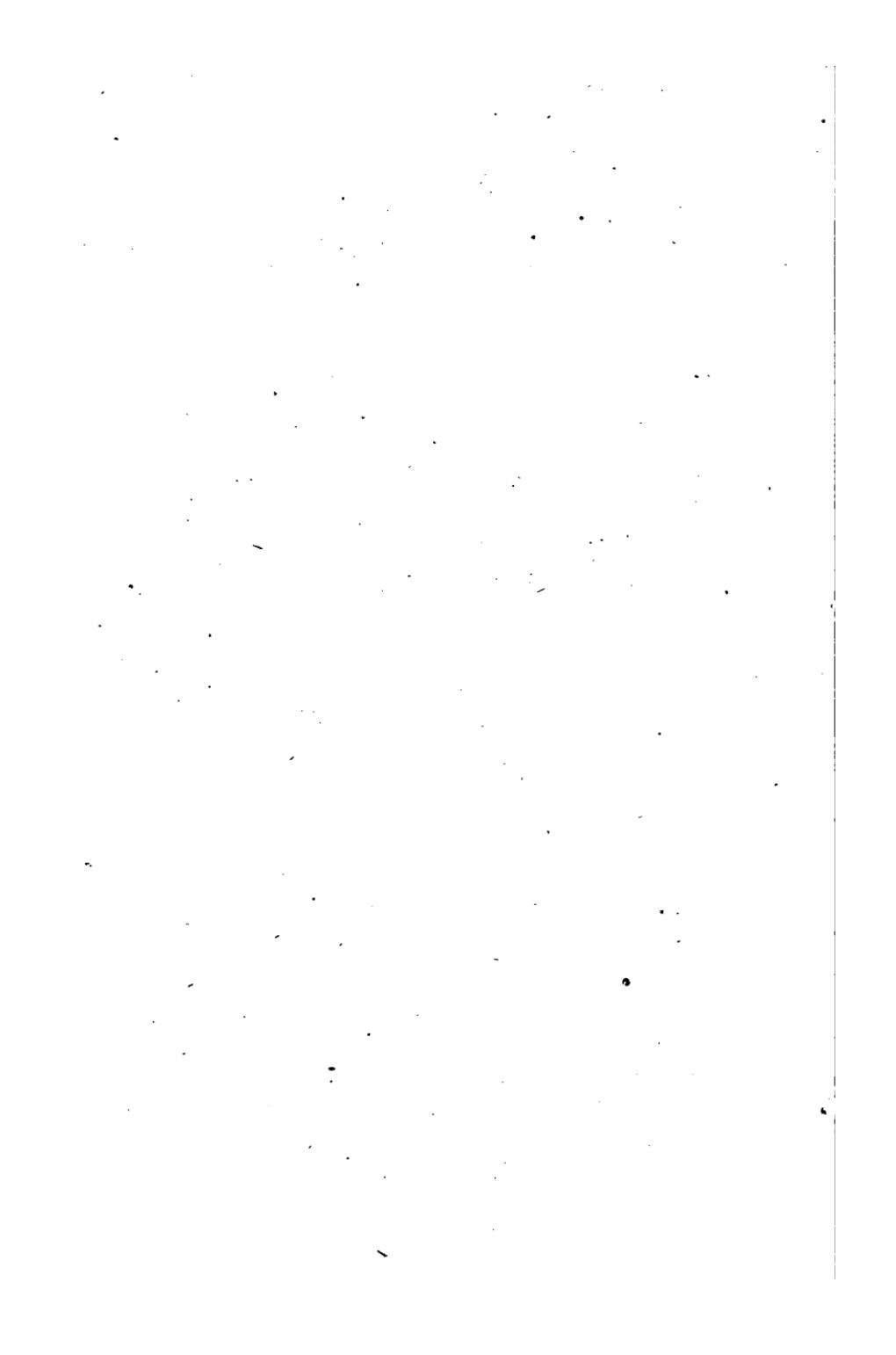
I ACCEPTED an invitation from a friend to attend a Methodist camp-meeting, which was held in a grove about five miles distant from the Contra Costa Redwoods. The services did not vary much from similar services in New England. But a little incident occurred of such a novel character, and so singularly beautiful, that I record it for the benefit of Christians in other portions of the country. When the collection was about to be taken, the Presiding Elder, the Rev. Mr. Fulton, addressed the audience in these words: "At the last Presbyterian camp-meeting, the collection taken for the support of the ministry was, most unexpectedly to me, divided between all of us who had taken part in the services; and I was constrained to share it equally with my Presbyterian brethren. Such an act, the first of the kind I have ever known, was as gratifying as it was unexpected; and most happy am I to say, that we have this day an opportunity to reciprocate the favor, by sharing with the brother of that denomination now present, the collection to which we invite you to contribute."

The effect of this address upon the audience was manifested by the jingling of the coin which was poured into the hats from every quarter of the field.

With this little anecdote I take leave of the reader, remarking, however, that I passed nine years in California; resided in many of its principal cities; roamed over a large part of the northern portion of the State; visited most of the mines from Mariposa to Yreka; traveled across the State of Oregon and into Washington Territory; sailed up the Columbia River to the Cascades; visited a great number of places remarkable for their scenery; spent five weeks in the wonderful Yosemite Valley; lodged in a hollow of one of the "Big Trees" of Mariposa; listened to the mighty roar of the Geysers; walked round the beautiful Clear Lake, and paddled my canoe round the far-famed Lake Tahoe; clambered up the sides, and stood upon the highest pinnacles of Mount Shasta, and many other mountains of the Sierra Nevada range; and encountered people of all descriptions, characters, and nationalities. Reader, shall I give you a further account of my observations and adventures?

THE END.





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